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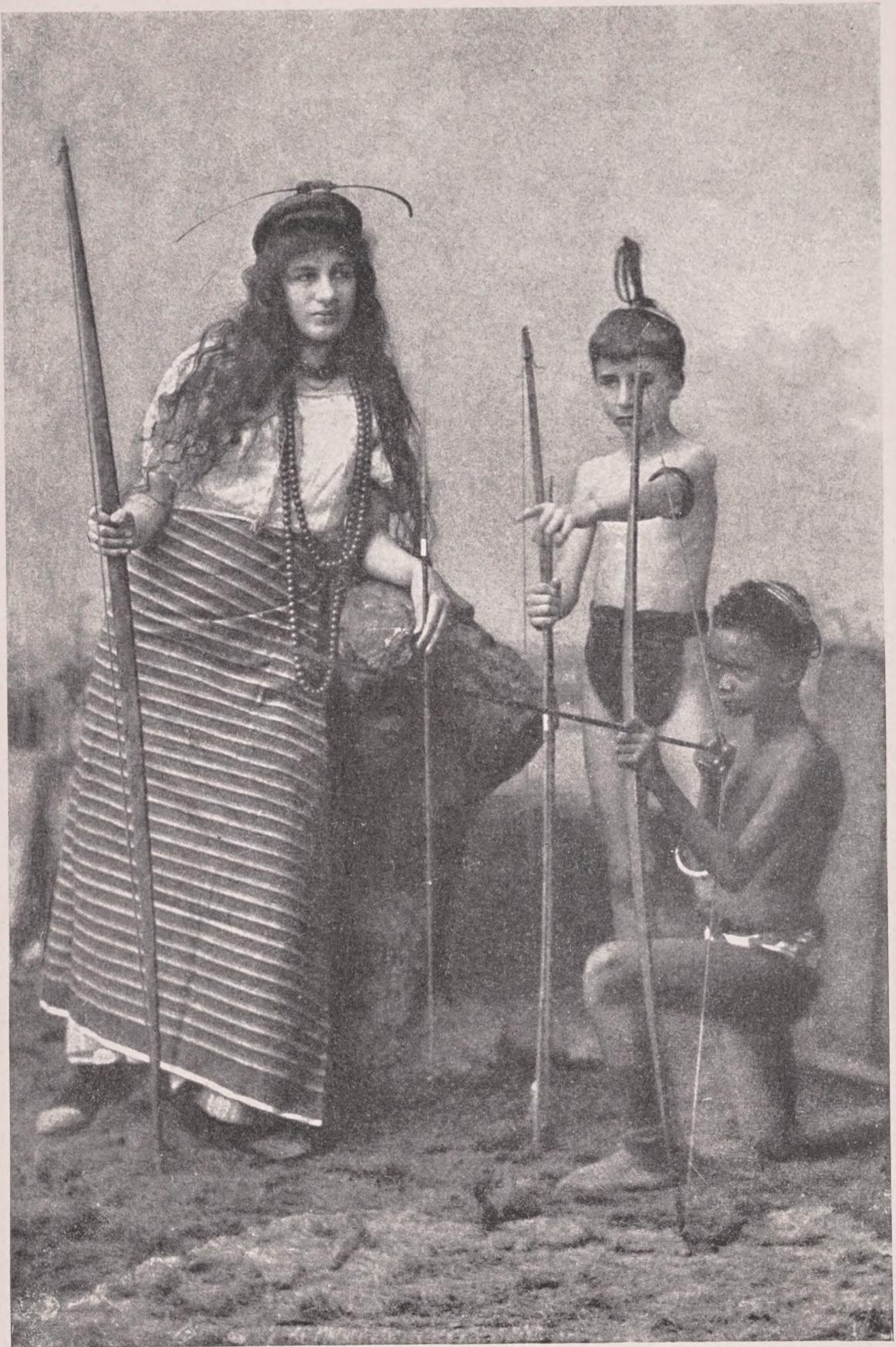
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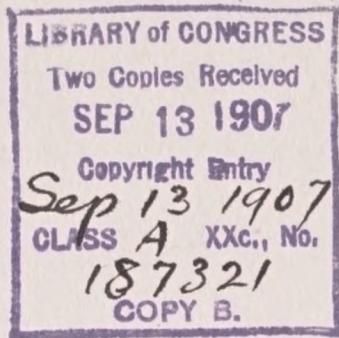
ISLAND STORIES

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS



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ISLAND STORIES

Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!

Luis de Camoens, translated by W. J. Mickle.

Where the hills smoulder;
Where the plains smoke;
Where the peaks shoulder
 The clouds like a yoke;
Where the dear isle
 Has a charm to beguile
As she rests in the lap
 Of the seas that enfold her.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

ISLAND STORIES

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND *(Two hundred years later)*

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

WHAT boy would not feel perfectly at home on Robinson Crusoe's island? The cave hollowed in the rock, the garden where he grew his wheat and tended his goats, the forests and plains of Crusoe's island-domain, have been the playgrounds in imagination of boys for generations. We have all wandered with Crusoe over the familiar paths, explored the cave, or sat upon the lookout watching, with a delightful sense of disappointment, for a sail.

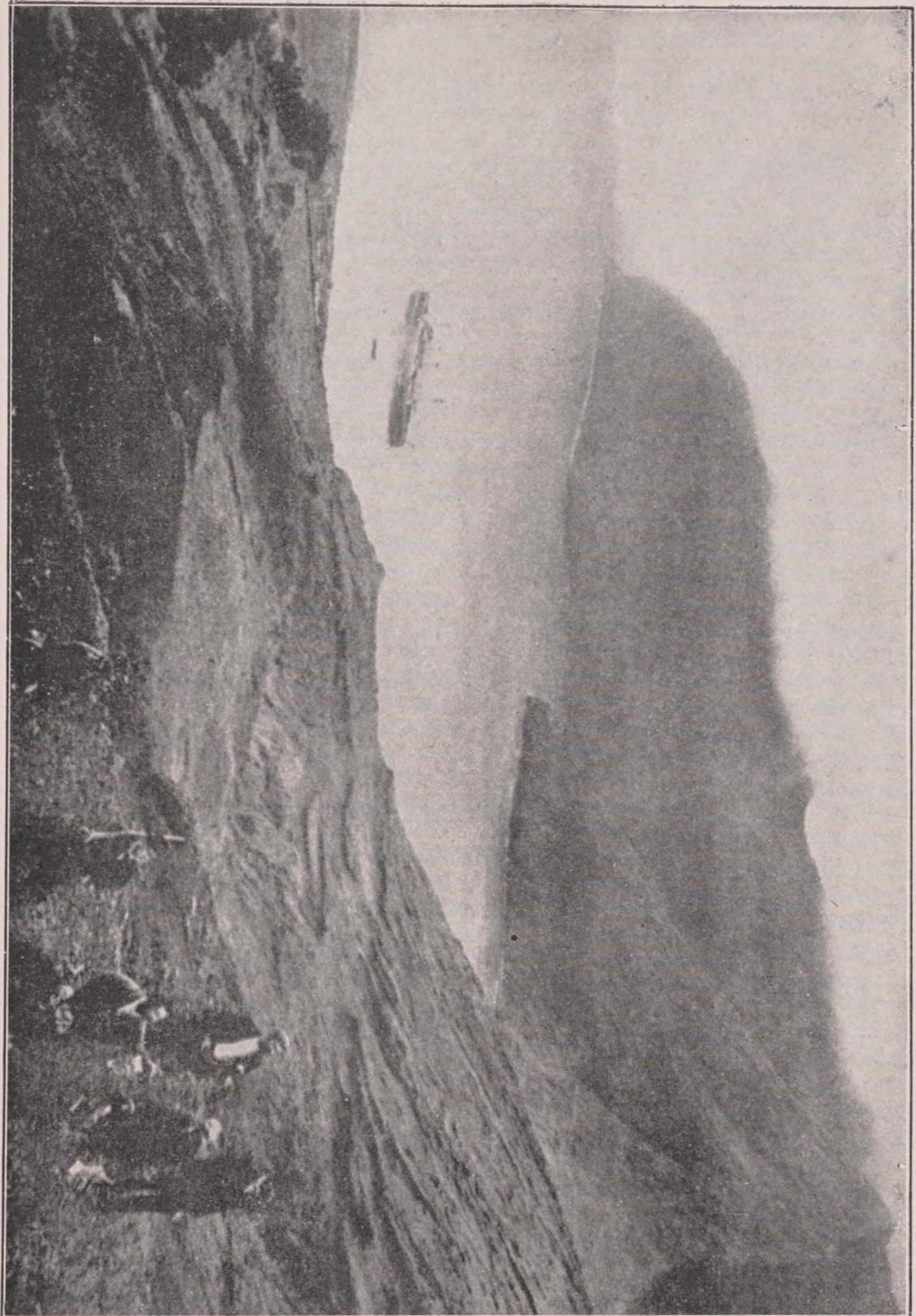
And the island of Juan Fernandez, where the real Robinson Crusoe lived so long alone, looks exactly as we would expect it to appear. The island was visited a few months ago by a Chilean

war-ship, and a party of her officers—remembering Crusoe with affection, as people do the world over—carefully explored Crusoe's kingdom and took a number of photographs. Although these photographs are now looked upon for the first time in the United States and Europe, they seem, nevertheless, strangely familiar. They serve to bring the old playgrounds of our imagination suddenly to life.

It is exactly two centuries since the actual Crusoe landed upon this solitary island. His name, it will be remembered, was Alexander Selkirk, though, strangely enough, he, too, like Defoe, spelled his name differently from the form used by his father before him, for Selkirk's father spelled his name Selcraig. Of all the labors of the immortal Crusoe, time has left few traces. Selkirk lived much the same life which Daniel Defoe describes in the story. The cave hollowed from the rock, with the rude remains of its stone supports, may still be recognized. The lookout,—the conical hill, "very steep and high,"—where Crusoe watched so many weary hours, rises near by. A large bronze tablet commemorating Selkirk's sojourn on the island was placed near the base of the lookout by the officers of an English

THE SCENE OF CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK

"I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.



war-ship in 1868. It bears the following inscription:

IN memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the "Cinque Ports" galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the "Duke," privateer, 12th Feb., 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. "Weymouth," A.D. 1723, aged 47 years. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. "Topaze," A.D. 1868.

Crusoe's garden is buried beneath two hundred years of tropical vegetation. The long flat beach where he landed, however, is readily identified.

So closely has Defoe followed the actual story of Selkirk's adventures that "Robinson Crusoe" might even now serve as a guide-book for his island. The scenes as Defoe describes them, often with surprisingly few words, have, in two centuries, lost nothing of their charm. The photographs of these scenes do not in any sense contradict the narrative. With the actual photographs of the lookout before us, where Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—first climbed to look about him, Defoe's description borrows a new meaning.

"There was a hill not above a mile from me," says Crusoe, "which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea." Or, again, study the photograph of the cave, and Defoe, it will be found, has not used a word amiss. "I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."

The adventures of Selkirk differ only in detail from the story of Crusoe. The real Crusoe, as we may call him, was not shipwrecked, but came ashore voluntarily. He was a Scotchman, and landed from an English ship, the "Cinque Ports," a little vessel of but ninety odd tons burden, carrying eighteen guns, commanded by Captain William Dampier, in 1704. Selkirk was the sailing-master of the vessel, and, in reality, he had had a "falling out" with the captain some time before, and had begged to be put ashore. Just

CRUSOE'S CAVE

"I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way in the rock at all."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.



what this quarrel may have been is not known, since the account comes from the captain himself. Selkirk lived alone on the island for four years and four months, and was then rescued by Captain Rogers, of the "Duke," and taken back to England. Captain Rogers wrote the original account of Selkirk's adventures, so that we have the true story of this famous romance at first hand.

When Selkirk landed to take possession of his island-kingdom, he carried fewer provisions than did the Crusoe of the story. A boat from the "Cinque Ports" brought him to the beach with his seaman's chest and meager possessions and put him ashore.

As the boat pulled away, Selkirk quickly regretted his act, and begged on his knees to be taken back to the ship. The sailors refused, returning alone, so that the original Crusoe found himself an unwilling prisoner. There was little romance in the situation. His entire possessions comprised only some clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, one pound of powder, some bullets, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books.

Four years and four months later, when Sel-

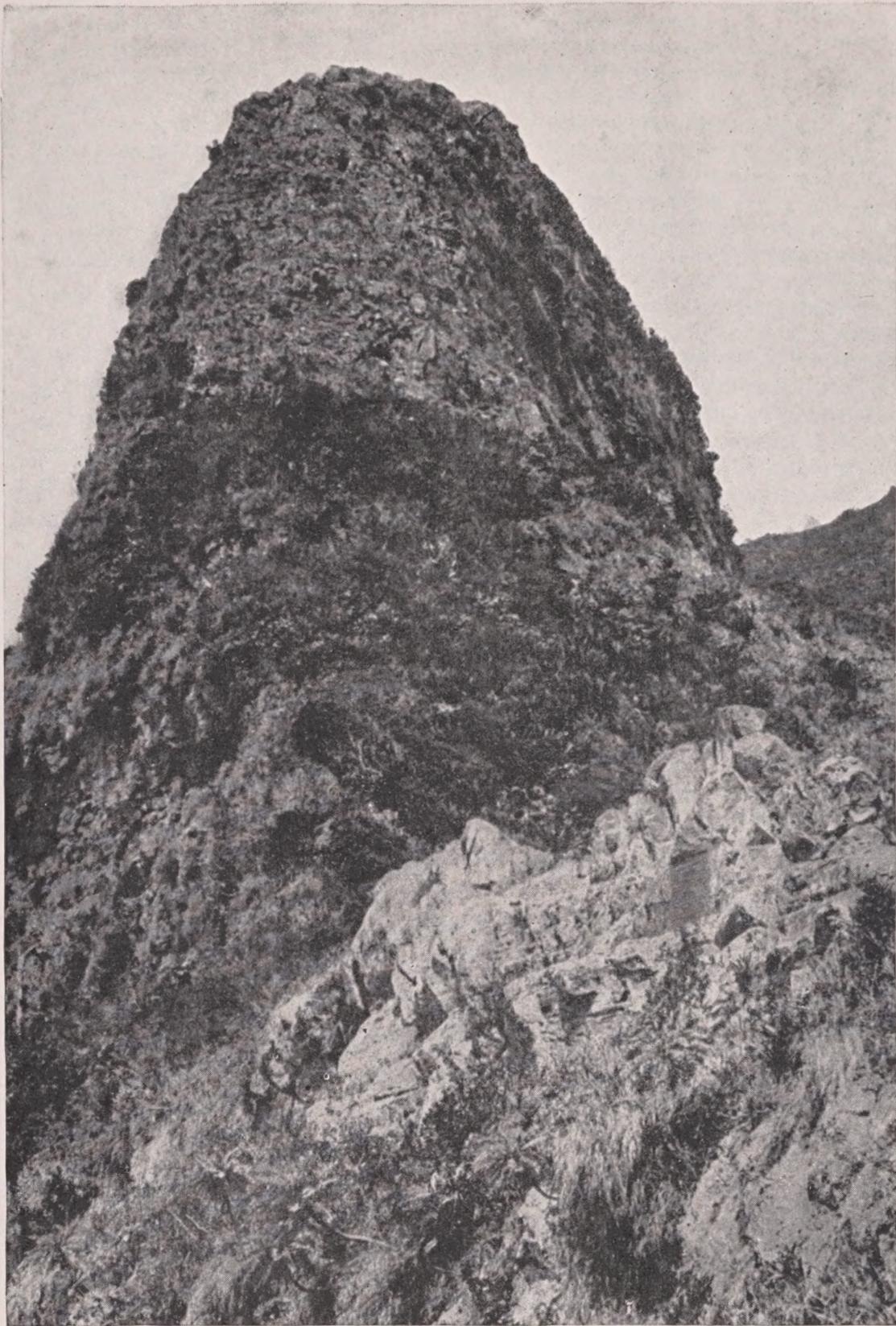
kirk—now safely on board the “Duke”—told the story of his adventures, the misery of those first hours on the island was still clear in his memory. As the ship disappeared, he sat upon his seaman’s chest in utter dejection. He ate nothing for many hours. His greatest fear was that with the coming of night he would be attacked by wild animals. In his own words, “I went to sleep when I could watch no longer.” For a long time he remained in such low spirits that he could eat only at rare intervals. His first food was the flesh of seals and the coarse food picked up along the beach.

For several weeks Selkirk continued to eat raw food. He carried flint with him, but could find no tinder to start a fire. He would not use his shirt, since he preferred to go without cooked food to going undressed. The famous suit of goatskins was not thought of until later. The cooking problem was finally solved by rubbing two sticks together, Indian fashion, to start a fire. The flesh of young goats remained his principal food to the end. His favorite method of cooking was to impale a large piece of the meat on a splint of palmetto wood and broil it by turning it slowly before the fire.

The island was well supplied with wild goats, as it is to this day. Nevertheless there were times when poor Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—had great trouble to secure a meal. He shot the goats at first, but his supply of powder soon failed him. After that there was nothing to do but to catch the goats on foot, and many a chase the nimble little creatures led him. In time, however, Selkirk learned to run so swiftly and to dodge and leap so quickly that he had no trouble in winning these curious races. Selkirk killed in all more than five hundred goats; and, not content with supplying his present needs, he caught many young goats and tamed them, that he might be sure of his food when he grew too old to run. Toward the end of Selkirk's first year on his island he commenced to write his famous diary. In reproducing this incident later, Defoe, for all his genius, could improve but little upon the interest of this original manuscript. Selkirk began the story of his life by telling of his terror of the sea, his dread of wild animals, and his fright at the barking of the seals. He was finally compelled by hunger to look about him. He found abundance of raw meat and cabbages and herbs. Eight months after his landing on the island he

wrote that he was at last entirely reconciled to his lot. His life in the years that followed has been the envy of many men and boys in many countries. There was little cold or rainy weather, so that he was constantly out of his cave. By day he worked in his garden or explored his island-kingdom. On clear evenings he amused himself for hours at a time by lying on his back and counting the stars.

Selkirk soon tired of the famous cave which he had so laboriously hollowed in the rock. An earthquake had loosened a part of the roof, and he feared further accidents. He had attempted to give the rock support meanwhile by building a crude pillar of stones, part of which still stands. Toward the end of his first year of exile Selkirk set about building a house. He finally completed two little huts, using one for a bedroom, and the second and smaller one for a kitchen. The little cottages were built with the wood of the palmetto, which he had laboriously hewn from the forest. The walls and roof were formed of long grass, which was from time to time renewed. The furniture of the two rooms was also, in a very literal sense, home-made. The few chairs and the table were made of palmetto and upholstered with



CRUSOE'S LOOKOUT. IN THE CLIFF AT THE RIGHT CENTER OF THE PICTURE
WILL BE SEEN THE TABLET ERECTED TO SELKIRK'S MEMORY

"There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

goatskins. The bedstead was Selkirk's especial pride.

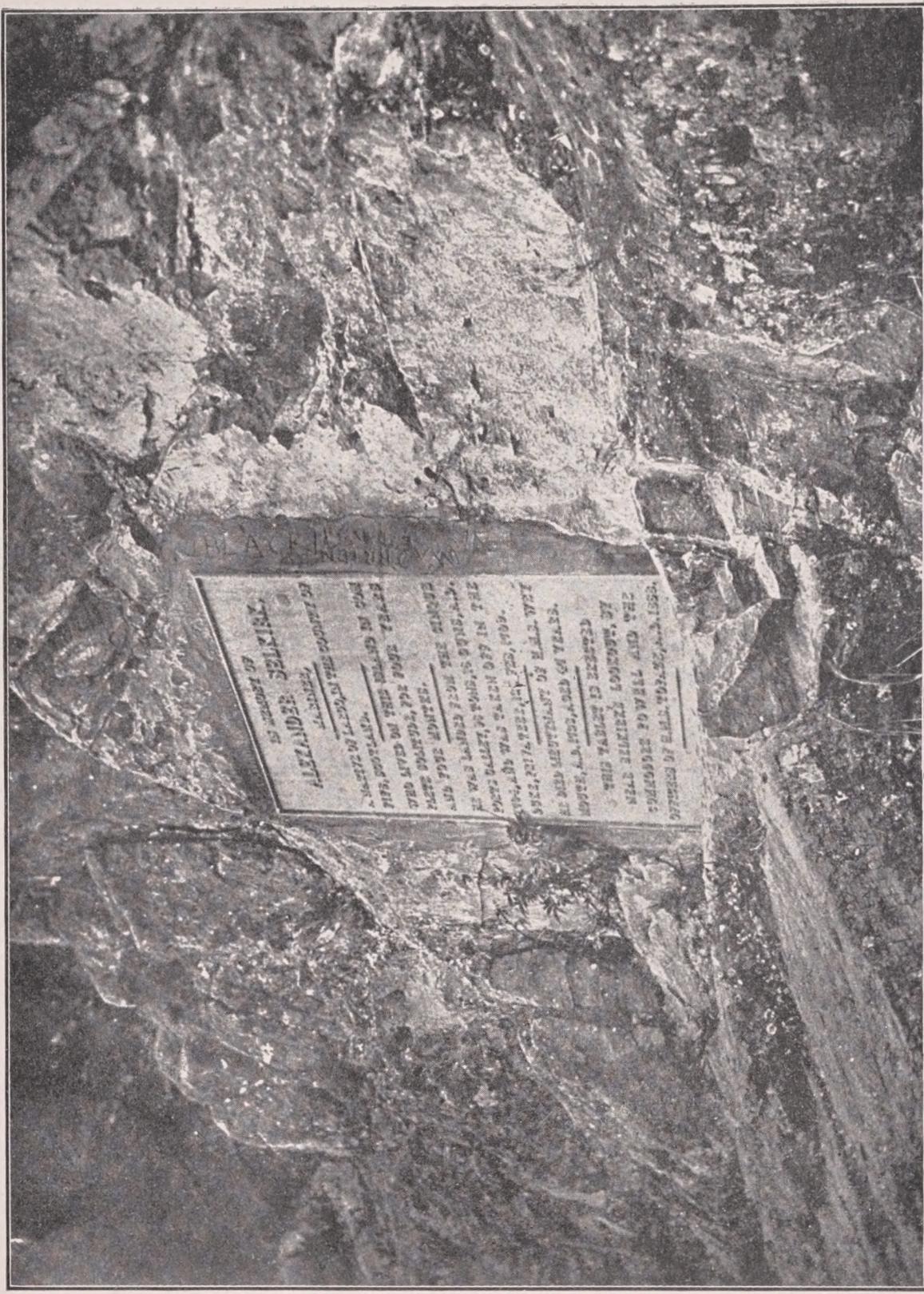
For all Selkirk's terror of wild animals, nothing ever visited him more ferocious than the rats. He complains of them bitterly in his journal, however, telling of their inroads on his larder, and of how, growing more ferocious, they even bit his feet as he lay asleep. But Selkirk proved equal to this new call upon his ingenuity. The story of Robinson Crusoe tells the exact truth about it. Selkirk made a business of raising cats, feeding them with goat's milk. Thereafter he slept with hundreds of his cats lying about him, and as a reward of his ingenuity slept soundly.

Meanwhile most of Selkirk's scanty store of shirts had worn threadbare. Once more his ingenuity, which had served him so well throughout his stay in the island, came to his rescue. On looking about him for material, he hit upon the idea of his famous suit of goatskins. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe carefully reproduces this incident. Selkirk skilfully dried the skins and made for himself a complete suit, consisting of trousers, jacket, and cap. For this extraordinary piece of tailoring Selkirk used a nail for a needle, stitching with

thongs of the skin. Later, finding a piece of iron hoop on the beach, he made several new blades for his knife. In the attempt to make shoes, however, his skill failed him, and this despite the fact that Selkirk had once been a shoemaker. All the shoes that he had made fell apart, and in the end he was forced to go barefooted.

Life was not all work, however, even for the industrious Crusoe. He spent many hours, for instance, his journal attests, in taming young kids. Another amusement was to cut his name, with the date of landing, on innumerable trees in different parts of the island. The tropical growth of two centuries has left no trace of these labors visible on the island to-day. It was from this incident, doubtless, that Defoe conceived the idea of having Crusoe keep a calendar with notched sticks. Throughout his stay Selkirk was also in the habit of praying, reading, and singing in a loud voice each day, often for an hour at a time. He explained candidly in his journal that he did so for fear he might lose the power of his voice from disuse.

It was only after Selkirk had watched from his familiar lookout, in fair weather and foul,



TABLET ERECTED NEAR SELKIRK'S "LOOKOUT" ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ

for more than four years that he was finally rewarded by the sight of the vessel that had come to rescue him. When Captain Rogers sent a boat to bring him off, Selkirk was standing on the beach, waving a white flag. In honor of the visit, he wore his last shirt, which he had carefully kept for years for this occasion. The captain afterward noted in his account that Selkirk spoke in a voice which, for all his pains, sounded scarcely human. His feet had been hardened like leather from long exposure. For many weeks he refused to touch any liquor, nor had he any appetite for civilized foods. Selkirk almost declined to leave the island when he learned that his old Captain Dampier had persuaded certain Bristol merchants to send out the expedition for his rescue.

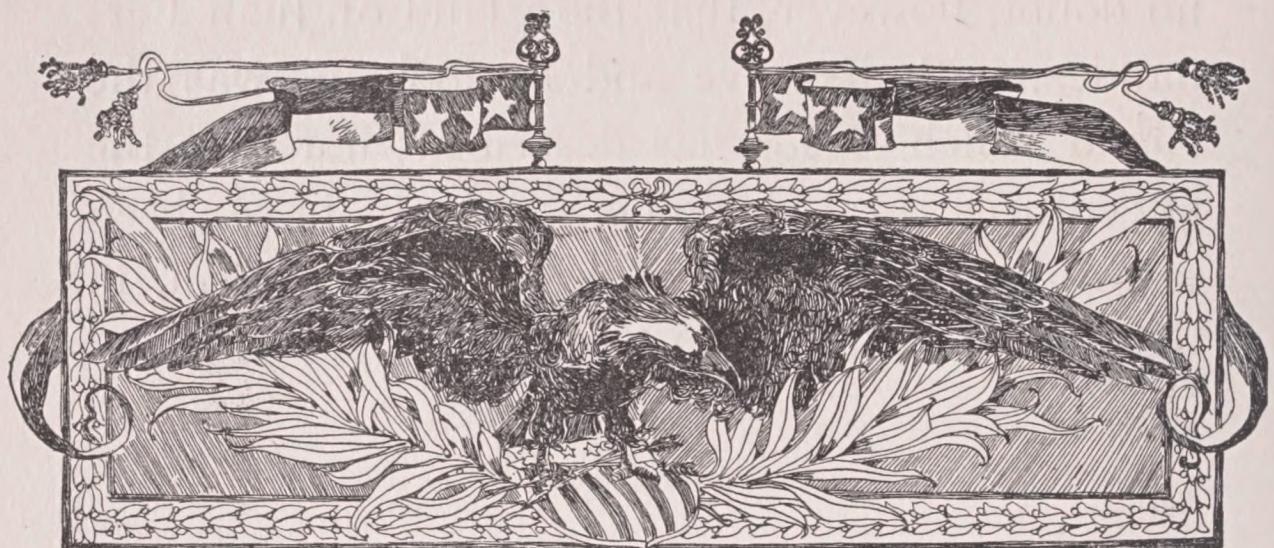
The island was visited but once by any ship during Selkirk's long exile. A Spanish ship once landed on the island a small company who caught a fleeting glimpse of Selkirk. In those days the Spanish were the deadly enemies of the English, and doubtless Selkirk had recognized the ship's colors from his lookout, and drawn his own conclusions. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe makes much of this visit of the Spanish, and has them prostrate them-

selves before Crusoe as the “governor of the island.” As a matter of fact, however, Crusoe (or Selkirk) played a much less dignified part than Defoe would have us believe. The Spanish shot at and chased him for some distance without success. A bulldog which they had brought ashore was pressed into the service; but Selkirk, from his long training with the goats, outran the bulldog. Growing tired of the chase, Selkirk finally climbed a tree. The Spanish built a fire and camped near his hiding-place, but finally left without discovering him.

The solitude and many hardships of this lonely life would doubtless have driven most men crazy. Selkirk, however, kept his wits throughout it all, and when he finally returned to Scotland, after an absence of eight years, was able to take up his old life where he had dropped it, and, despite his barbarous life, was still a civilized man.

In writing “Robinson Crusoe,” Defoe, with a story-teller’s license, took many liberties with the original narrative. One of these changes has been to tell us that Crusoe’s island was situated on the east coast of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco River. There can be

no doubt, however, that the island of Juan Fernandez, with its cave and its lookout, was the island which Defoe has described; nor that the adventures of Alexander Selkirk have been faithfully reproduced, with an added charm, in the story of "Robinson Crusoe."



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE PHILIPINE ISLANDS

BY ROSALIE KAUFMAN

THE Philippine Islands are so numerous, so varied in size and shape, that they suggest the idea of a continent chipped to pieces. They might very well be the outcome of such a disaster, for they lie in a region where terrific earthquakes often occur, and they contain some of the most remarkable volcanoes of the world. There are about twelve hundred islands in the group, but only a few have been explored. Many are barren rocks, and others are inhabited by savages.

In the sixteenth century, during a battle with one of these tribes, Magellan, the great Spanish explorer, was killed. He discovered the islands, and tried to land, but was prevented by the Indians. A few years later, Legaspi, a Spaniard, was more fortunate, and, with half a dozen monks, landed on the island of Luzon and founded the city of Manila.

Manila is built on both sides of the Pasig River, which is spanned by massive stone bridges.

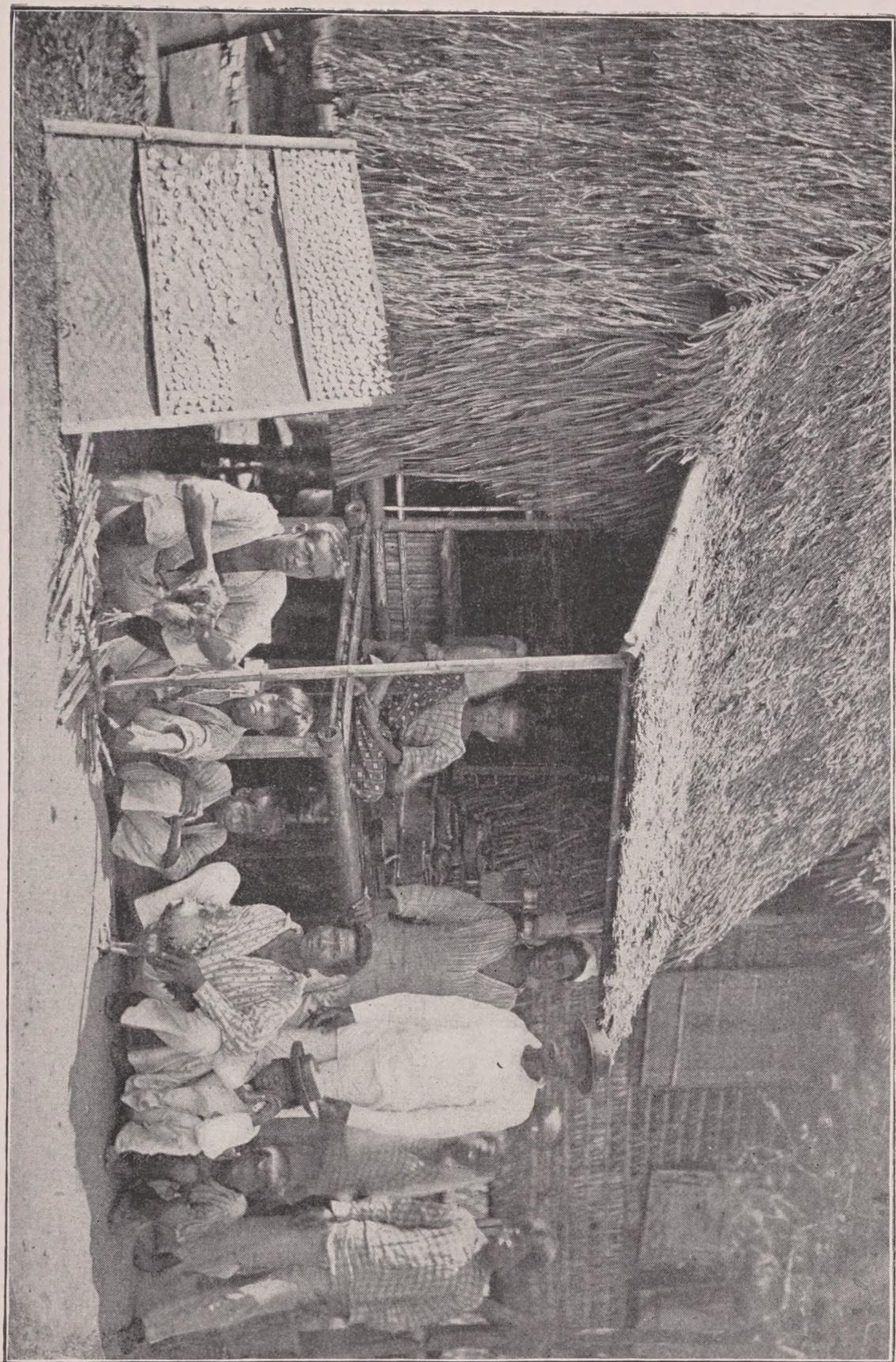
In the old town, or Manila proper, there are some fine public buildings, but no shops; consequently there is a constant stream of people and vehicles over the bridges to and from Binondo, where all the business is carried on. In this quarter there are rows of shops, kept, for the most part, by Chinese, though some are owned by Europeans and Americans. They are low-framed structures, with heavy awnings to the edge of the sidewalk as a protection against the sun; and they are so small that one has to stay outside, and goods are shown over the counter, which extends across the doorway.

Among the lower classes in the islands, an entire family will live in a hut containing just

one room. The furniture consists of a mat and a mosquito-netting.

But the wealthy people have attractive homes. Many of these are on the banks of the river; and all have gardens filled with luxuriant vines, ornamental trees, and gorgeous flowers. These gardens extend to the water, where there are landing-places for small boats. The houses are raised several feet from the ground, on thick blocks of stone or wood, which makes them cooler and at the same time drier, especially where the soil is marshy. They have no glass windows, because the light would be too glaring, but sliding frames with thin shell panes temper the light and admit plenty of fresh air. One is struck by the order and cleanliness of these houses. Even the floors shine like mirrors, for they are rubbed twice a day with plantain-leaves. These are the dwellings of the mestizos, who are part Chinese and part Spanish.

One of the favorite amusements of the people is driving on the Calsada. During the day this fashionable promenade is deserted, because the heat is so intense that only working-people ever venture out between eight o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon. But in the even-



A NATIVE HOUSE AND FAMILY, MANILA

ing all is gaiety and fun on the Calsada, where a fine band of Spanish musicians used to play as the carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians moved along, nodding and chatting, and frequently halting to listen to the music. Sometimes the ladies stroll about, wearing gaudy colors and rich jewels. Their thick black hair hangs loose, and is made glossy by being smeared with cocoanut-oil. On their heads are jeweled combs and artificial flowers.

Suddenly, when the frolic is at its height, and just as the sun disappears behind the hills, the city church-bells ring, and profound silence ensues. It is time for vespers. The men take off their hats; everybody kneels or bows in a devotional manner, and prays. The bells ring again; the music starts up, the procession continues, and the gaiety increases. Not all the tribes have such civilized habits and appearance, however. In the interior of Luzon live the Negritos. They are dwarfs; but from time to time they make raids upon the towns, and carry off all the plunder they can lay hands on. It is almost impossible to capture them, because they are desperate fighters, and they have innumerable hiding-places in the mountains.

The Tagals are intelligent, but not so fine nor so well educated as the mestizos. Many of them are employed in the cigar-factory which is one of the curiosities of Binondo, and belongs to the government. Ten thousand people are at work in this building, and most of them are women and girls from twelve to fifty years of age. They squat on their heels, or on low bamboo benches, and pound the tobacco-leaves with a smooth stone about the size of a lemon. The noise is deafening, because they talk as loud and as fast as they pound; but the superintendent never interferes so long as they are not idle.

When the day's work is done, the *cigarreros*, or "cigar girls," start for home in groups; and they are a merry, happy set. Sometimes they stop by the way to take a plunge in the bay; and they have a jolly good time swimming and diving, amid shouts of laughter.

They wear a loose garment fastened at the neck and falling in folds to the ankles. This is made of cloth that they weave themselves, and ought to be both pretty and comfortable; but they fasten it from the waist to the knee with a colored striped shawl, which they make so snug that they can scarcely walk. So they trip along

with the tiniest of steps, looking as if a slight push would topple them over. Their feet are usually bare, excepting for a gaudy embroidered slipper with no back, and they paint their heels red to heighten the effect.

Tagal women, when not smoking, chew a paste made of the leaves and kernels of the betel-nut, to which a little lime-juice is added. This stuff dyes the teeth and lips an ugly red, which is considered quite ornamental.

The island natives are lazy, and no wonder; for the forests supply their daily needs, with little trouble on their part. There are millions of cocoanuts, that furnish food and drink, as well as oil for their lamps. The shells are made into bowls, baskets, and brushes, and it is a common saying that a native can live comfortably upon the produce of cocoa-palms alone.

The strong, broad leaves of the banana serve for umbrellas, plates, and wash-basins, and the bamboo is put to so many uses that it is hard to name them. The trees, with their light, feathery leaves and their slender branches, wave gracefully over nearly all the houses, and add to the beauty of the gardens; the young plant, stewed or pickled, is a favorite dish; and the

wood is so strong, and at the same time so pliable, that it is fashioned into kitchen utensils, fishing-rods, pipes, canoes, mattings, jugs, and many other things; besides, all the huts and private dwellings are built of bamboo.

Fruit grows in abundance in the Philippines, and the streams are filled with fish, while locusts abound to such an extent that anywhere else they would be considered a nuisance. Here, however, they are eaten by the million, and a native is never happier than when he can have an abundant supply of this delicacy. Rice is the staple article of food, and there is plenty of it, though a little systematic labor would increase the supply threefold.

Near the head of the Pasig River there is a place known as "Ducktown," where thousands of ducks are raised every year for the Manila market. The little ducklings are fed on shell-fish from the bay, which gives them a delicious flavor. The men engaged in caring for the ducks devote their entire time to them; and it is most interesting to see how they teach them to take exercise, to wade and swim in the water, and, at the proper time, to return to their homes.

A volume might be written about the animals

on the islands, but we can spare only a few words for them.

There are ponies, but they are so small and weak, and so ill cared for, that they cannot be counted on for much work. The water-buffalo is the common beast of burden; but he is so slow, heavy, and irritable that he is unfit for use unless properly indulged. He loves to wallow in the mire, and during the great heat of the day he is permitted to amuse himself in this manner. He needs little food, and, being stronger than an ox, is very useful for plowing. There is also a wild buffalo—a very different creature, and one much to be dreaded; for when he sights a hunter he will at once charge upon him.

Swine, goats, sheep, monkeys, squirrels, bats, and rats are numerous. "Flying-foxes," which are nothing else than bats, abound in the forests. They are about the size of a kitten, but their "wings" spread five or six feet from tip to tip. They have ugly heads like a fox, and they are savage. During the day they curl themselves into a ball, and by means of long, sharp claws, shaped like hooks, fasten themselves securely to the limbs of trees, hidden among the leaves. But at night they start out in search of food.

They visit the villages and plantations, and devour quantities of fruit and vegetation. But the natives have their revenge, for the flesh of the flying-fox is delicate, and thousands are eaten.

Monkeys fill the forests, and snakes abound in the jungles. Some are harmless, but many are fatally venomous. There are immense crocodiles in the lakes and rivers, and lizards are so plentiful that it is quite common to see them crawling about in fine shops or in the handsomest and best-kept dwellings.

Insects are everywhere, and some of them are gorgeous in coloring. There are butterflies as large as an ordinary bat, of a delicate fawn color, with bright red eyes.

Fireflies light up the woods at night, and make the tamarind-trees, which they prefer to every other, resemble illuminated pyramids. Sometimes the insects seem to have an understanding by which they all kindle, at the same moment, into a blaze of exquisite green—a most beautiful sight.

Locusts that bite, and leeches that drop on you from the trees, are as common as the ticks that fasten in your flesh as you go through the woods, and the centipedes and scorpions, that

sting terribly. Huge roaches destroy books, and get into closets, where they eat great holes into the clothing; and there are many other destructive insects.

But the most formidable foe is the little mosquito, because it is almost impossible to get away from him; and no human being would ever expect to take a nap unless he were protected by a netting.

Near the sea-coast the Chinese find the "edible birds' nests," which are considered to be a great delicacy.

At times armies of white ants make their appearance, destroying in their course everything eatable. There are millions of these pests, and so industrious and energetic are they that their stay is very short. Having quickly devastated everything in sight, they suddenly depart.

There is considerable talent for music, even among the mestizo ladies, who seldom read, or study, or do any sort of work. There is never a festival without music, and it is usually good. In the churches, even of the smallest villages, there is always a native brass band, and strangers are surprised to hear how well they play the operas familiar to Europeans and Americans, though, to be sure, it is often a little shocking to

hear the airs of comic operas applied to sacred words.

But above everything else in the world, the natives have a perfect passion for cock-fighting, and no other pastime competes with this in popularity.

However brutal this so-called "sport" may seem to us to-day, we should not forget that it is not so many years ago that it was popular in England and America.

At the time when Spain got possession of the Philippines she was the most powerful country in Europe, and it is asserted that, with a view of retaining this power, she invariably sought to breed discord among the different races of her colonies, because she feared that if they formed a union they might rebel against her authority. If this be true, it may be one reason why the educated people of the larger islands have had so little influence on the savages of the smaller ones.

A more potent reason is that these tribes hate the Spaniards, who taxed them unmercifully, and broke many promises made to them. As a consequence, the natives believe that the aim of every white man is to get all he can out of them;

so they naturally prefer to hide in the forests, choose their own rulers, and retain their savage freedom.

One thing must be said for them, however: they never seek a fight. All they ask is to be left alone in their haunts; for they are very lazy, and they can easily supply their needs from the streams and the forests.

There is one half-savage tribe that seems to have more energy, for they build huts for themselves. This is a very black tribe, called Igorrotes. They are small, with crisp, kinky hair, that they never comb nor brush. They wear little clothing, and their bodies are tattooed from head to foot with frogs, lizards, and all sorts of hideous snakes, as well as leaves, flowers, and fruit.

Some of the larger islands, like Luzon and Mindanao, were divided under the Spanish rule into provinces, and had their own governor. He was called *Capitan*, and he was a most important personage. Usually he was a native. He was therefore popular, particularly as he did not profit by the taxation, and himself was not exempt. He was elected for two years, and had a great deal of responsibility with a very small salary.

It was impossible not to notice the Capitan, for he wore a showy embroidered jacket over a loose blouse, and he strutted along proudly with his gold- or silver-mounted staff. One of his duties was to receive and welcome all visitors to the village; and he was so hospitable that everything he owned was at once placed at the disposal of his guests, after the courteous Spanish custom.

The *Cura*, or parish priest, had more authority than the Capitan. He had no domestic ties, so he lived among the people, who loved and revered him, and sought his advice in all their troubles. By these priests the majority of more civilized natives have been brought to worship in the Roman Catholic churches, and in every village there was a school where the children were taught to read and write Spanish under the guidance of the priest.

Men, women, and children are full of superstition. All wear charms, and at their feasts they carry in procession images bedizened in rich drapery, tinsel, and gay ribbons, with here and there a valuable jewel. With their ideas of Christianity they mix up their ancient worship. There are gloomy, mysterious-looking places

which they approach with awe because they believe them to be inhabited by spirits. Certain mountains and trees are supposed to be the houses of wicked souls, and they would not dare to venture near them without the permission of the priest, and a supply of incense, which they burn as they pass by.

The Filipinos have great reverence for the aged, and no man or woman would ever think of making a marriage without first consulting the fathers and mothers on both sides.

A young man goes to his parents and tells them he loves a certain girl. If they approve, they call on the girl's parents and talk the matter over. At the close of the interview the lover's mother offers a piece of money to the sweetheart's mother, and if she accepts it is a sign that the match meets with favor.

But two or three years must elapse before the young man can claim his bride. Meanwhile he works for her father; and should he not prove satisfactory in every way, he is dismissed. If, on the other hand, the girl grows impatient, she brings her suitor to the village priest, with the assurance that she has run away from her home, and wishes to be married forthwith. Her re-

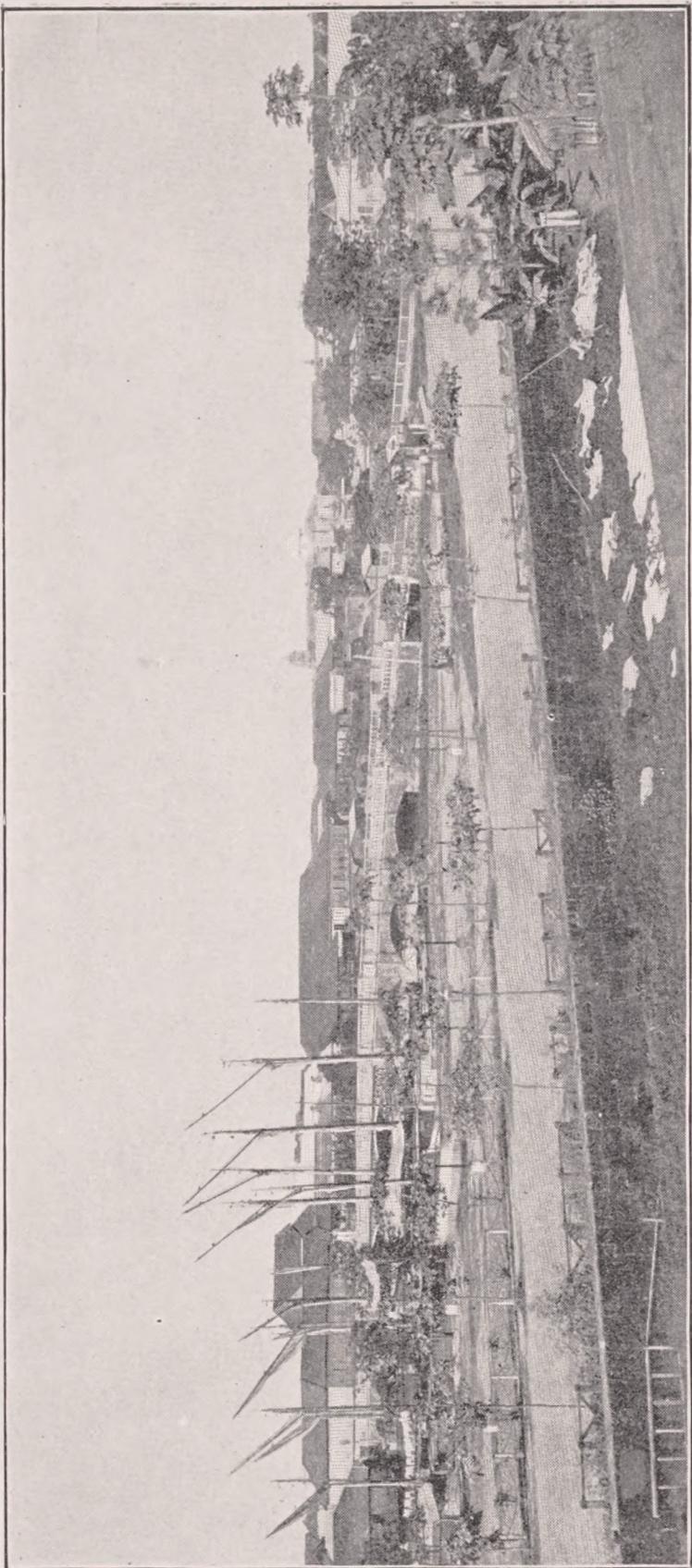
quest is sure to be complied with, though were the man to do the same thing he would be severely punished for his rash infringement of the native custom.

A few words must be said about the typhoons, earthquakes, volcanoes, and rainfalls of the islands, because they are a most important feature.

Every year furious typhoons break over the entire region, causing frightful destruction on land and sea; and nowhere in the world are there more terrific thunder-storms, or heavier falls of rain. It is this humid atmosphere, added to the heat, which makes vegetation so luxuriant. There are nearly five hundred different kinds of ferns, and some of the orchids in the jungles are so rare and so hard to gather that they sometimes sell for a thousand dollars apiece.

Earthquakes have laid some of the finest churches in ruins, and many large houses are built with buttresses against the walls to prevent their being shaken over.

The volcanic eruptions have done still greater damage. About the middle of the seventeenth century Manila was almost destroyed by a



ONE OF THE BRIDGES ACROSS THE PASIG, MANILA

shower of hot ashes, which burned up all the villages for miles around, and killed thousands of people.

Taal volcano, which rises out of the middle of a lake, is twelve hundred feet high, and in the bottom of the crater is a lake that sends forth suffocating fumes of sulphur. Mount Apo is another of the immense volcanoes, and even when it is not active, sulphur fumes puff out of great crevasses on its slope.

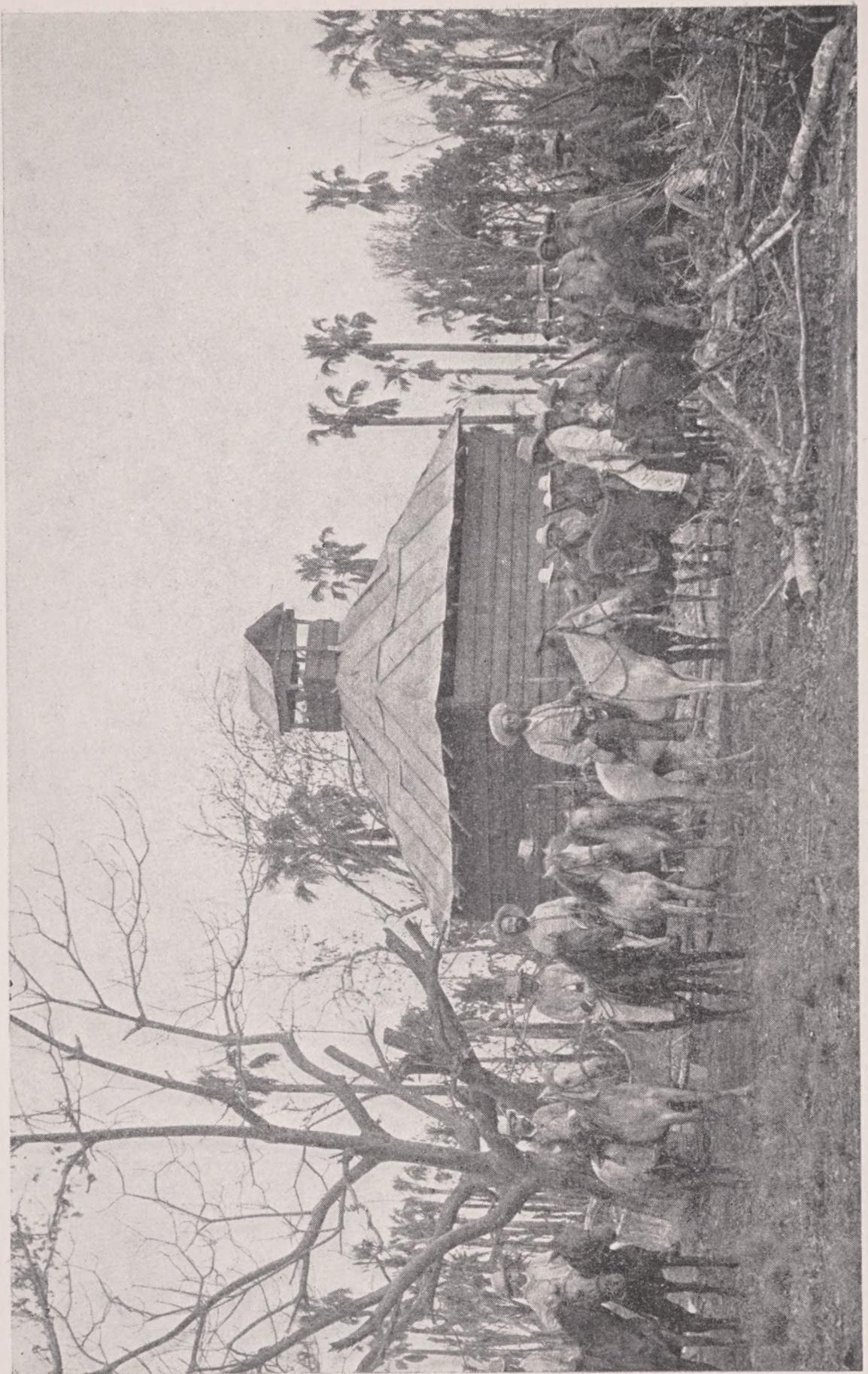
In the hands of Americans, Manila will soon become a beautiful and attractive city, and with the introduction of Yankee machinery, energy, and intelligence, the products of the islands will be increased a hundredfold. Thousands have gone to study the resources of the Philippines, and the interest in them has been on the increase ever since Admiral Dewey, in the name of the United States, opened the door.

ABOUT CUBA

BY OSGOOD WELSH

CUBA, the land of tragedy, slavery, comedy, and romance, the old home of the buccaneer, has been the scene of many a conflict. The legends of the island are full of romance, and in many cases are pure inventions. It was in the possession of Spain for about four hundred years, and peopled by native-born Spaniards and Africans and their descendants, known as Creoles.

So fruitful is the soil of Cuba, and so easy the life in times of peace, that the peasantry have always been a happy-go-lucky lot. Nor does one have to go far to discover what may be called the national pastime; for on Sundays and holidays, at every railroad-station and in all the small settlements, men may be seen with fighting-cocks under their arms. For many years, Cuba, in common with other West India islands, enjoyed the monopoly of supplying a large part of the world with sugar, and the profits accruing were



A SUGAR PLANTER WITH STAFF AND SPANISH BODY-GUARD

enormous. By the sugar industry families of great wealth and influence were built up.

For a time the civilization of Cuba was in many respects far in advance of the United States. The dwellings both in the cities and on the sugar estates were in many instances palatial, the furnishings and fittings gorgeous in the extreme, and the use of silver for all domestic utensils was quite common. Thus there existed in the island what might be termed a barbaric civilization, as compared with what is known as a more domestic civilization in this country.

By taking an active part in the affairs of the island, the United States has assumed a grave responsibility. By overthrowing a government which has existed for centuries, it binds itself, in its own interest and in honor, to give the island as good a government as it gives to its own people. It is bound also to safeguard its interests as a protecting power. A ship-canal is sure to be cut somewhere through Central America, and Cuba, with its magnificent harbors and unlimited resources, will always be the key to the Caribbean Sea; consequently Cuba must be under the control of the dominant power of the Western Hemisphere. The imagination

cannot depict the limits of the possibilities for Cuba as a secure and wisely governed territory.

Save the railway systems of the few most densely populated provinces, there are no internal improvements in the island. After leaving the immediate vicinity of the larger towns there is not a single made road. The conditions of existence are so easy that the strongest incentive for improvement is lacking. In no place on the face of the earth is it probable that the contrast between the rich and the poor is so marked. The home of the peasant is a hut, generally of but one room, with a lean-to for a kitchen; its frame is of light poles, and the shell and the leaves of the palm-tree furnish the materials for the roof and walls. Nothing more primitive could be imagined.

With but little more than an apology for cultivation, the earth yields abundantly for the needs of man. Cattle and horses thrive, and it is a poor peasant indeed who has not one or more of the strong and easily kept ponies of the island. Under a strong arm the almost universal desolation of to-day would, as if by magic, be turned into peace, abundance and prosperity. To illustrate the fertility of the soil, it may be



PEASANT HOLDING A WOODEN PLOW



A CUBAN PEASANT HOUSE OF THE BETTER SORT

mentioned that there are many cane-fields from which more than one hundred annual crops have been taken without the return of anything to the land. Not more than about one fifth of the island has been under cultivation.

By pretty much all the world Cuba is known as "The Pearl of the Antilles," and this by reason of no poetic fiction, but because of its wonderful prolificness, due to soil, climate and rainfall. Cuba, under unfavorable conditions, has produced one million tons of sugar in a year, or, say, one half of the annual consumption of the United States. With a stable government and a guaranty of exemption from revolution, the people of the United States could be supplied by the island with all the sugar they need, and at less cost than they can get it elsewhere. Even under the unfavorable conditions of the last few years, sugar is made in Cuba at a cost of less than two cents per pound, and it is known that that figure could be materially reduced. The level lands and lower foot-hills are adapted to sugar cultivation, and in the hill countries the finest coffee known in the world is grown.

Of course Cuba is tropical, and has all the inconveniences of a damp, hot, summer climate;

but the mountains are a delightful place of residence and wonderfully healthy all the year through. As a winter resort it is far more desirable than any place available to the majority of the people of the United States, and would unquestionably become the Mecca of those seeking exemption from our cold winters. All winter long fresh vegetables and fruits abound. The sulphur springs in the hills about one hundred miles from Havana are particularly attractive. The deposits of iron and copper ore and asphaltum are only partly developed. Coal is not known to exist in the island, but the virgin forests of valuable wood are immense. Nature has given every conceivable advantage to Cuba, and it requires only the intelligence of man to develop the wonderful resources and establish a producer of wealth hitherto unknown.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

BY BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER

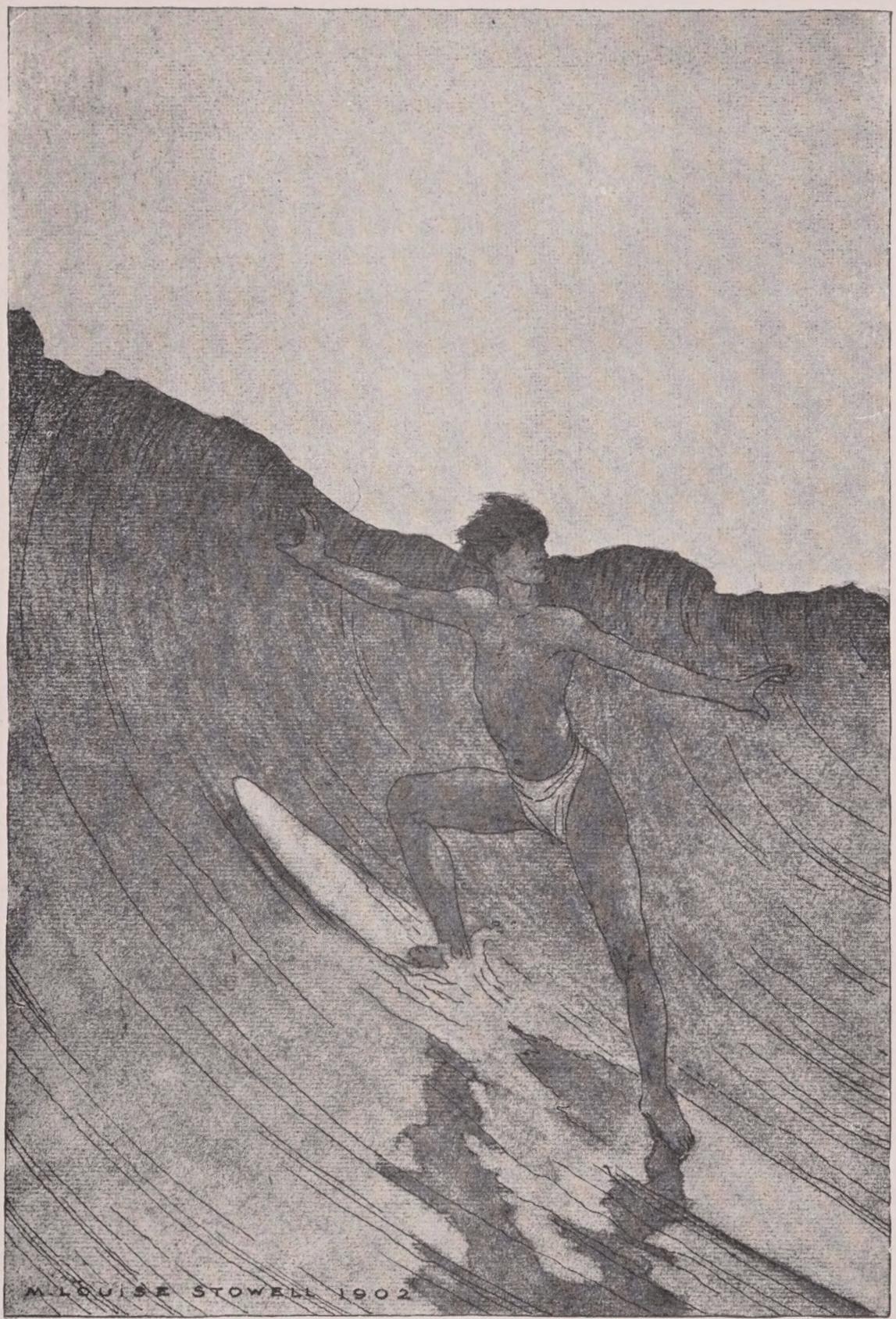
AS the Hawaiian Islands rise out of the sea to the vision of one who sees them for the first time from the deck of a ship, their aspect is both rugged and august. The mountain-ranges are distinguished by great strength of outline and boldness of proportion; and, as seen against the sky, as we saw them, with the moon rising behind them, have in them something indescribably mysterious and noble. But as they are more nearly approached, they are seen to be clothed almost to their summits with a rich verdure, and this has a singularly gracious quality of softness and depth.

This feature in the landscape seems somehow typical of the people. Their history reveals them as distinguished by characteristics of great savagery and cruelty; but their ordinary aspect, and their unspoiled manner toward strangers, where it still survives, is one of an individual and almost

unusual charm. No one who has seen them will find himself tempted to compare them to any other people or race. Wherever they derived the traits of form and feature that distinguish them,—and their racial origin is hidden in considerable obscurity—they do not resemble the races or people from whom they are supposed to be sprung.

I am not a disciple of a policy of imperialism, but I confess, in view of the situation as it existed in the Hawaiian Islands when they voted to seek annexation to the United States, I am unable to see what else we could have done than to grant their request.

For their position in the Pacific indicated that if they are not strong enough to rule themselves, they belong rightfully under that protection which we, of all other peoples, can best give them. Whatever earlier civilization, Spanish, English, or French, found them, seized them, or sought to enrich itself from them, we alone earliest recognized a duty to them, and sought, by bringing to bear upon them the highest and most transforming influences, to discharge it. We alone strove to build up among them a civilization which had for its foundation some other motive than the



AN HAWAIIAN OR KANAKA SURF DRIVER

passion of conquest or the love of gain. We alone gave them schools and teachers, and the good physician. We alone enriched them with those who, whatever may be said of their descendants, lived pure and noble lives, and did among them good and lasting work.

PORTO RICO AND HER FIRST FOURTH

BY FREDERICK A. OBER

AN interval of twelve years lay between my first and second visits to Porto Rico; yet, though I had traveled in other countries meanwhile, I could recall no such scene of grandeur, tempered with the melting loveliness of a tropical landscape, as greeted me when I approached the north coast of the island.

The higher hills are clothed in the exuberant and diversified vegetation of the tropical forest, where tree-ferns flourish, and great gum-trees and mountain palms tower aloft; at lower levels are the cedar and mahogany, walnut and laurel, with many others noted for their useful woods.

In the fertile lowlands, tobacco does exceedingly well, and the annual production is said to be quite seven million pounds. The annual yield of sugar is estimated at about seventy thousand tons.

Cotton and rice are found at nearly all eleva-

tions, the latter, which is the chief food of many laborers, being what is known as the mountain variety. Bananas and plantains are wonderfully prolific, bearing fruit in ten months from planting.

All domestic fowl do well here, and the great pastures of the northeast and southeast support vast herds of cattle and horses, which suffice not only for the needs of the island, but are exported to all parts of the West Indies, being held in high esteem.

The climate is hot and humid, but there is no yellow fever away from the coasts.

The principal harbors are San Juan and Arecibo, on the north coast; Aguadilla and Mayaguez, on the west; Ponce (roadstead), Arroyo, and Guayanilla, on the south; and Humacao and Fajardo, on the east. In some respects Ponce, the largest city, is more attractive than the capital, San Juan. It has a fine cathedral, several plazas, a large theater, excellent stone buildings, and an abundant supply of pure water conducted from the hills by means of aqueducts. In going from the port of Ponce to the city one may note the direction of the prevailing winds by the dust-covered canes, which are on the southern side of

the road, while those on the north side are bright and clean.

Communication between cities is chiefly coast-wise, though there are some good roads and many bridle-trails.

After the Spanish soldiers had been driven from the port of Guanica and our army approached the city of Ponce, the people flocked from their dwellings and lined the roadway everywhere along the route of march, rending the air with "Viva los Americanos!" Thus it was all over the island, our soldiers being received with open arms and made welcome to the houses of both high and low. All they expected has not been realized, perhaps, for, like most people who are freed from oppression for the first time, they indulged in extravagant hopes. But they are loyal to the flag, and, since we adopted them, they have in turn adopted as many as they can of our "institutions."

It might have been expected that a people who already had about two hundred holidays, or "feast-days," in their calendar, would hardly want to add more; but the fact is they gladly welcomed all we had to offer. Christmas and New Year's were already on their lists, but Washing-



THE PORTO RICO CELEBRATION

ton's Birthday was new to them. That made no difference, however; or, rather, it was all the more enticing from its novelty. Washington was the father of our country; consequently, as their country belonged to us, he was also the father of their country: therefore they celebrated his birthday.

When we reflect that it was only that year, or in July, 1899, that the Porto Ricans were privileged to participate in celebrating our "great and glorious Fourth," after we, as a nation, had indulged in it for more than a century, who can wonder at their long-repressed enthusiasm? In all the cities there were speeches in the daytime and fireworks at night, while in the country places, where military authority was lax, there were races and processions in honor of their new feast-day—the day they called the "Cuatro de Julio."

A TALE OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

A True Story

BY HERBERT BAIRD STIMSON

IT was in the days when I was very young that I heard this tale told by my father. It was during his last illness, as he sat propped up in his chair by the great pillars of the porch of our old place, Font Hill, amid the hills of Howard. When a young man he had seen strange things — wild men covered with paint, with spears in their hands, who ate one another, and great snakes and beasts, and all the wonderful life of the South Pacific. That day he was talking to an old friend, and we children sat upon the step, with wide-open eyes, listening to the tales of strange adventures of their youth.

“Tobacco certainly has its uses,” said my father, as he lighted a cigar; “it saved my life once, and but for it, youngster,” and he ran his hands through the curls upon my head, for I had taken my place by his side, “you would not be here to-day.”

My father's friend smiled, and we who knew that a story was coming were eager at once for the tale.

"Tell us, father, tell us," I demanded eagerly, as we crowded close about his chair.

"It happened," said he, "upon our expedition to the Pacific. I was on the 'Vincennes' at the time, and we were returning from our expedition to the North Pacific, stopping among the South Sea Islands to take soundings and to make surveys. This experience was a great pleasure to me, as it was the first time a naturalist had ever been in these regions, and every day I was collecting specimens which were new to the scientific world and a great addition to our knowledge of the fauna of the Pacific. Every time the commodore could spare a boat and a man or two, I would go ashore and collect great numbers of specimens, bringing them back in bags and cans to be sorted over and put in alcohol. You know that some of these South Sea Islands are very beautiful, great mountains rising, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean and towering thousands of feet above in the clear blue sky. In the valleys of the mountains and along the shores of the sea dwelt the South Sea Islanders. The soil

being extremely rich and furnishing great quantities of food, the natives lived with little or no labor. And it is strange that these islands, among the fairest upon the face of the earth, doing everything that nature could do to make man happy, were the homes of the most savage members of the human race—the abode of cannibals. We had often paid a visit of state to the cannibal kings of the different islands, but we always had a sufficient force with us to curb any desire on the part of our host to have us for his dinner. Nearly every time I went on a collecting expedition, my brother officers would laughingly tell me to beware of furnishing the cannibals with a meal. But a day came when I was to be taught a lesson. One afternoon I received permission from the commodore to go ashore to collect, taking with me four sailors to carry my specimens and to row me. The place at which we landed was in a small bay about two miles from where the 'Vincennes' lay. The whole place was very quiet, with not a sign of a native or a hut anywhere to be seen; everything appeared to be deserted. The beach stretched away on either hand for miles and lay glimmering in the bright sun, while the forest with its dense green foliage came within a few feet of the water's edge.

"I immediately began my collecting, and was more than ordinarily successful, giving the more common specimens to the sailors to carry, and keeping the rare ones myself. Hour after hour went by, and we strayed farther and farther from the boat, until, looking at my watch, I found we had barely time left to reach the ship in time for supper. When we were within about five hundred yards of our boat, we were suddenly startled by a terrible yell, and glancing hurriedly around, we saw a dozen or more cannibals spring out of the woods, brandishing their war-clubs and spears. My sailors immediately dropped everything and started to run to the boat as fast as their legs could carry them. I, however, valued my specimens more highly, and though I did not want to be eaten by cannibals, neither did I wish to lose my treasures. So I followed as fast as possible, carrying my specimens with me.

"Those five hundred yards seemed as many miles, as the sailors got farther and farther away from me in front and the yells of the savages sounded nearer and nearer behind. Still I held on to my specimens, and ran as I had never run before. At four hundred yards a spear whizzed by me and stuck up in the beach some yards in advance. Nearer and nearer came the yells be-

hind me. I could hear the sound of their feet upon the smooth sand of the beach as the savages came on. The mist swam before my eyes as I nearly flew over the ground, still clutching my beloved specimens. I could almost feel the breath of the nearest runner now, and the boat was three hundred yards away. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and three of us went down together, rolling over and over in the sand. The others, luckily for me, were a little farther behind. Two big fellows, frightful in their war-paint, with rings in their ears and noses, were on top of me in an instant, and I gave myself up for lost. Just then, like a flash, an idea came to me.

"I knew that these savages were passionately fond of tobacco. My right hand was still free, and I slipped it into my pocket and pulled out my pouch of smoking-tobacco. Then, exerting all my strength, I threw it some twenty feet away. The savages saw me throw it, and from the label on the bag knew what it contained, as they had often traded for it with the passing ships. A yell, and the whole twelve made a jump for the tobacco; in an instant they were a mass of struggling, writhing, twisting, fighting men, each bent on securing the prize. I was on my feet in a sec-



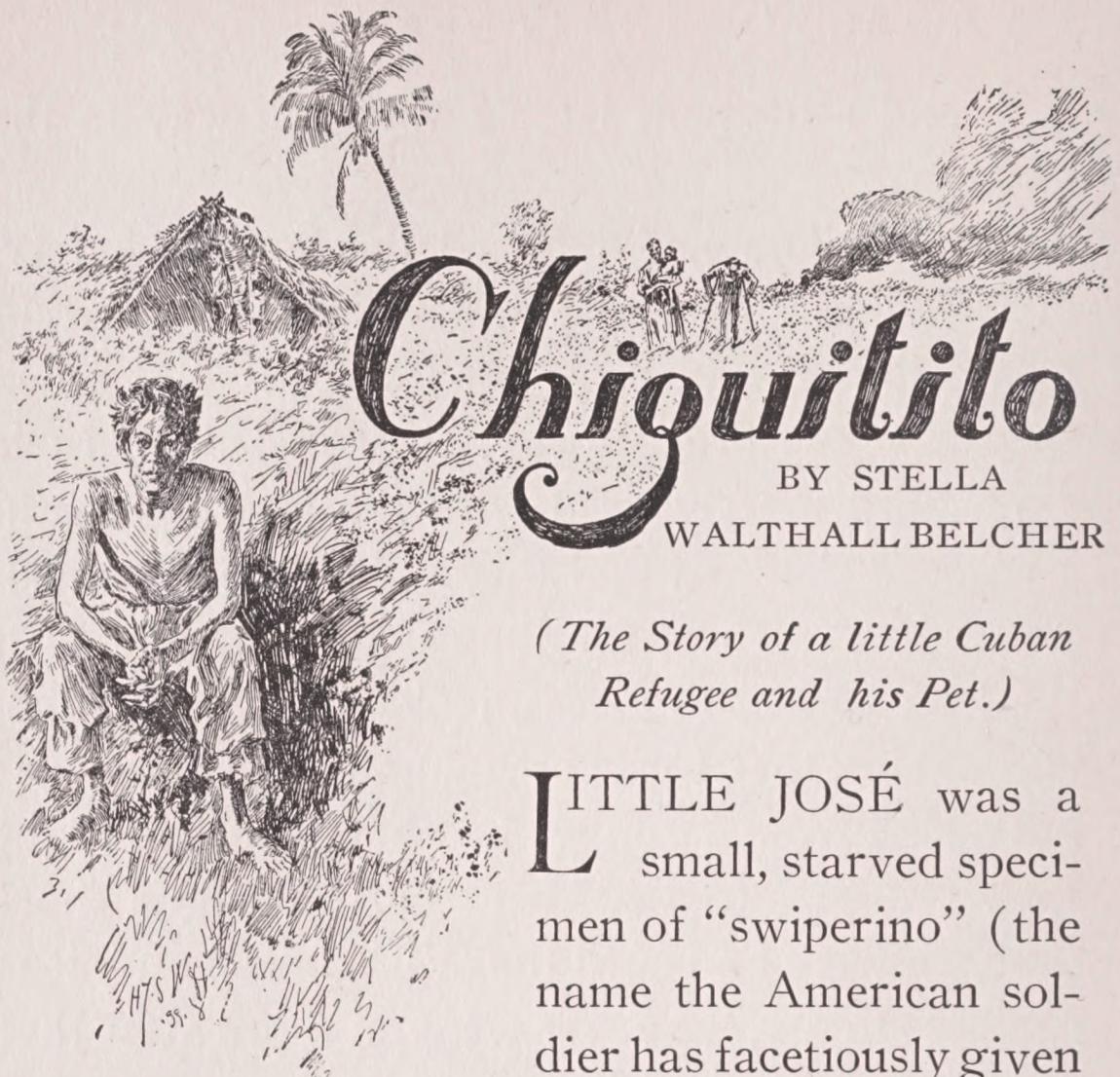
"' THEN I FELT A HAND ON MY SHOULDER, AND THREE OF US WENT DOWN TOGETHER ,'"

ond, and a moment later I was half-way to the boat.

“The sailors had reached the boat in safety, pushed it into the sea, and were about rowing away, having given me up for lost. But when they saw me break away, they rested on their oars, until, nearly dead with the loss of breath, I reached the boat and they pulled me on board. I was just in time, for the savages, having torn the tobacco-bag to pieces, looked around for me, and, seeing that I was escaping, started after us; but a shot from a gun we had in the boat brought their progress to a sudden stop. Within a short time we were on board the ‘Vincennes,’ and, it is needless to say, we never went on shore after that unless we were heavily armed.”

“Did you save your specimens, professor?” asked one of father’s eager listeners.

“I left them with the tobacco; but the next day I found that the savages had taken off the bags, leaving the specimens in a pile on the shore, so I only had had a very bad fright, and I secured my treasures after all.”



Chiquitito

BY STELLA
WALTHALL BELCHER

(*The Story of a little Cuban Refugee and his Pet.*)

LITTLE JOSÉ was a small, starved specimen of "swiperino" (the name the American soldier has facetiously given his Cuban brother), and if it had not been for a kind-hearted American officer the little fellow would now be buried in the trenches covered with a foot or two of earth, and no one would have known how much gratitude one small Cuban could possess.

It happened while the invading army lay outside the city of Santiago. The base of supplies was twenty miles away, and every piece of hard-tack and bacon had to be brought in on mule-back

over a trail a foot deep in mire and liquid vegetation.

There were thousands of refugees from the city and thousands of soldiers to be fed, and the commanding general sent word that all the Cubans and foreigners who were able must come four miles farther down the trail to make easier the distribution of provisions. Soon a famine-stricken procession was plowing painfully through the mire: mothers hugging to them half-starved babies; fathers and husbands dragging along their feeble women folk; children struggling to keep near their parents—all a sad, pitiful spectacle, which wrung the hearts of the kind Americans.

Little José clung to his mother's skirts, and looked bravely up into her pale, worn face. It was a desperate struggle for him to keep along, and he tripped, picked himself up, tripped a second time, and then, being too weak to try again, the crowd pushed him aside, and the little fellow sank in the mud. The mother gave one backward look, like a dumb animal in pain, and struggled on to save herself and her babe; and that would have been the last of José had not an American officer gathered him up and carried him to his tent.

It was impossible to tell what José looked like, for he was covered with a shell of Cuban mud. The officer stripped him, tucked him in a blanket, and gave his clothes to an old camp-follower to wash.

The youngster was literally stuffed with bacon and beans andhardtack by his benefactor, and a few hours later was strutting about the camp, clean, well fed, and fairly bursting with happiness.

Three days went by. José had begun to struggle with the English language. He could say, "Ee t'ank yo'," and "Yo' no sabe de Englis'," and some other incomprehensible lingo. He ran errands; he ate ravenously; he slept in his benefactor's tent; he was the kind officer's devoted shadow; and all this while the Americans waited outside the gates of Santiago.

Then, one day, the Stars and Stripes floated over the city, and the officer saw that it was necessary to part with the little refugee and send him home to his friends. Therefore, loading a sack with rations, and mounting it and the boy on a decrepit mule, he bade them God-speed, and started them in the direction of Santiago.

"Ee t'ank yo', Señor Offeecer, ee t'ank yo'!" cried the boy, with tears in his eyes.

And the officer said:

“*Adios, adios, querido muchacho*” (“farewell, farewell, dear child”); and to his friends: “That is the last I shall hear of my refugee.”

But he was mistaken. Cubans have gratitude.

Two days later José appeared in camp. His face was stretched in a broad smile, and under his arm he carried tenderly a poor starved chicken, which had barely enough animation to stand up.

His owner placed him on the ground before his friend the officer, and proudly smoothed down his very ragged feathers. Then, stepping back from his pet, he spread out his little brown hands.

“He ’s fo’ yo’,” he said simply, and turned to go.

The officer caught the boy by the shoulder, and turned him right about.

“See here, my little man,” he said kindly, “I ’m much obliged. But you need your chicken more than I do. Take him home.”

José shook his head.

“Yo’ no spick de Englis’. Yo’ no sabe.” He pointed to the chicken. “He name—‘Chiquitito.’ He ees fo’ yo’. Ee t’ank yo’.”

That settled the matter. José remained firm. This chicken was his all, and he gave it to his friend the “Americano.”



"'HE'S FO' YO'," HE SAID SIMPLY, AND TURNED TO GO"

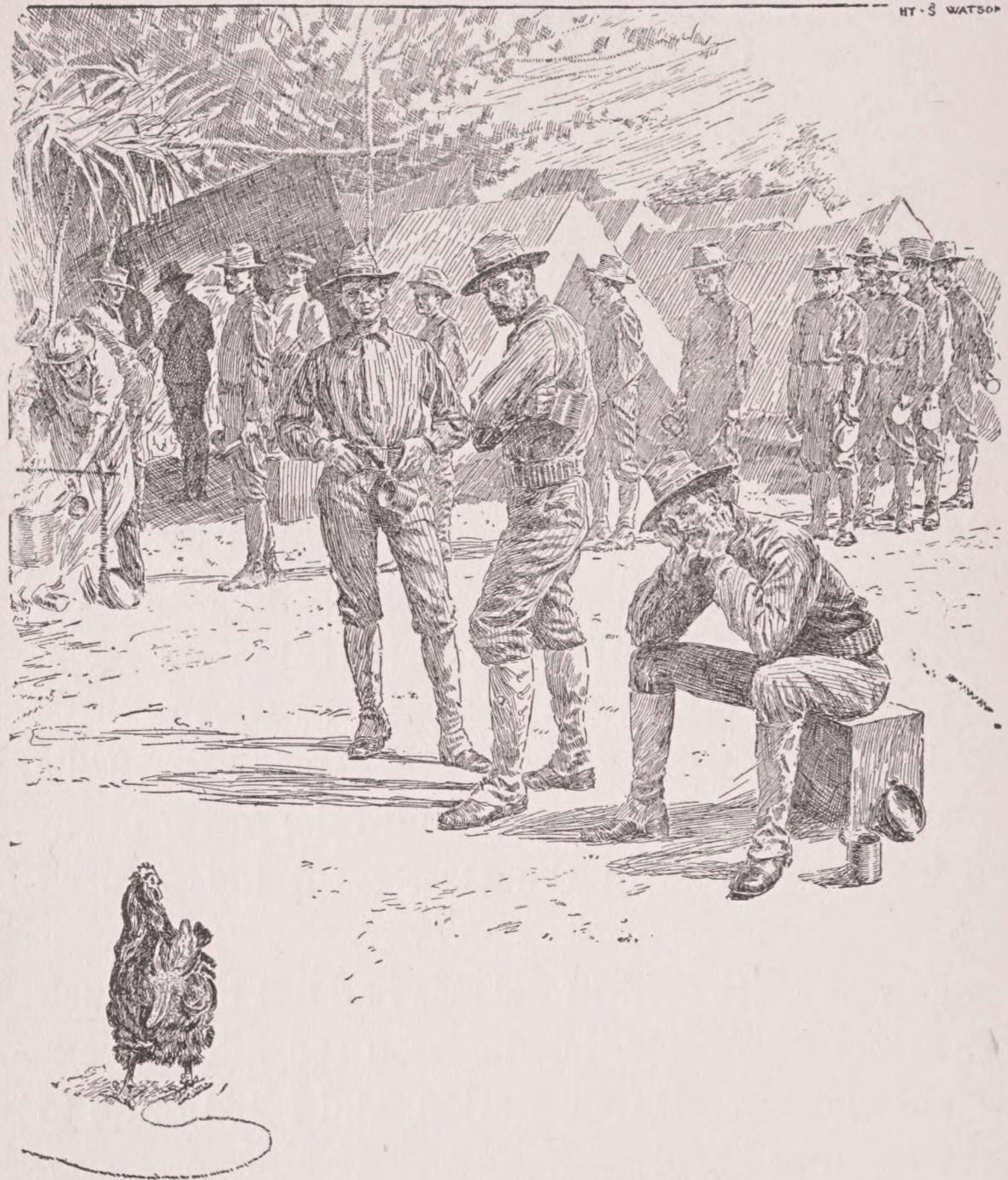
A string was tied about the chicken's leg, and he was anchored to the tent-pole, where he attracted much questionable attention from all the hungry soldiers. They looked him over with longing eyes, and sized up his points at mess-times, wondering whether he'd taste better fried in butter or broiled whole over the camp-fire.

But Chiquitito was not to be offered up as a sacrifice to any hungry stomach. Instead, he was allowed to wax fat and lazy with the crumbs which fell from his master's table, and when the army moved into the captured city of Santiago, the happy chicken was carried in state by a friendly orderly.

His new owner was attached to the general's staff, and when they moved into the government palace thither with the staff went his favored chickenship.

It was quite evident palaces had not been much in Chiquitito's line, but he soon fell into the exalted ways of his new station, and acted quite to the manner born.

When the American general and his staff were dining the chicken flew to the great man's shoulder and perched there with easy familiarity. Then, as his fancy moved him, he hopped from



"THE SOLDIERS WONDERED WHETHER HE 'D TASTE BETTER FRIED IN BUTTER
OR BROILED OVER THE CAMP-FIRE"

shoulder to shoulder of the junior officers, clinging to their epaulets, and pecking daintily at a morsel of cake or fruit held up by his obedient servant.

At night Chiquitito roosted in the chandelier of the great state chamber, and doubtless strange dreams harrassed his chicken brain. If he could have spoken in our language he might have given us a good story of a Spanish vision or two which glided across the polished floor of the governor's apartment.

Somewhere in that deserted palace was found a gilded parrot-cage, and forthwith it became the home of Chiquitito.

A few days before they took their departure from Santiago, the general and his aide were startled by a most extraordinary demonstration from their pet fowl.

"What 's the matter with the creature?" laughed the general.

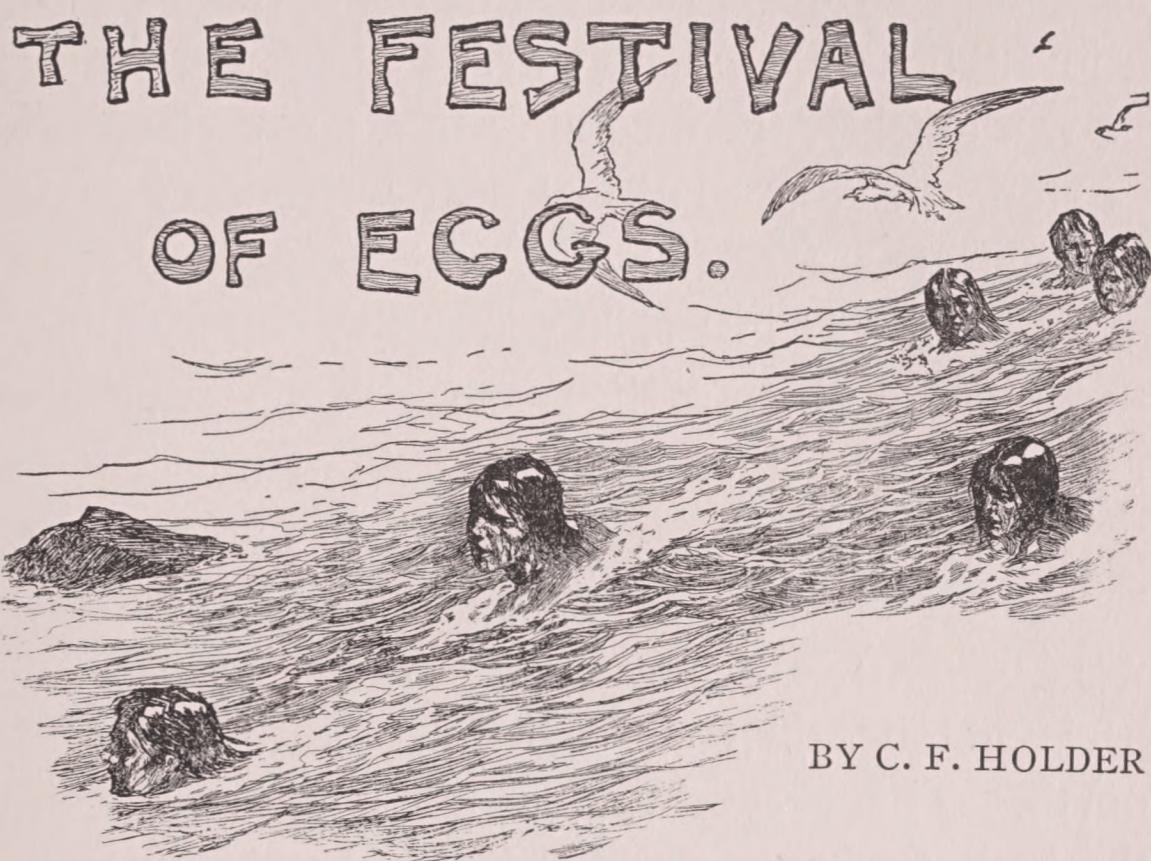
"I think high life must have turned his head," answered the puzzled officer.

"Chiquitito, Chiquitito!" cried a voice outside; and there, smiling more broadly than ever, was José, whose approach, unheard by the Americans, had been the cause of the joyous antics in the cage.

Quick as a flash, the officer held out the chicken through the open window.

"No, no," laughed the little boy; "*bueno, bueno!*" And, kissing his hand to his now important chick, he scuddled off down the street; and that was indeed the last they saw of the little refugee.

His chickenship will live in peace and dignity on Governor's Island, a prize bird in many senses; and though he knows "mucho" about affairs in Santiago, he has n't learned the English language, and could n't, if he would, tell his American friends long stories about those dreary days with José before the Americanos came to the sunny isle of Cuba.



BY C. F. HOLDER

KAITAE was just sixteen years old. It was his birthday, and he rose bright and early, and was abroad before any of his companions; for, exhausted with the games and contests of the previous day, they were sleeping heavily in the curious caves or stone houses that even to this day mark the location of Orongo.

Kaitae was a prince, the lineal descendant of King Kaitae of Waihu, the strange volcanic island in the South Pacific better known as Easter Island.

The young prince, stepping lightly over two sleeping comrades, stole out of the cave and with a joyful heart bounded away. For some distance he ran quickly, then, coming to a large platform of stone, he stopped at last near a group of curious objects.

The sun was just rising over the sea, seeming to Kaitae to illumine the scene with a mysterious radiance. He stood upon the side of an ancient volcano, the steep slope of which fell precipitously a thousand feet to the sea; and before him were many faces of gigantic size, staring, gaunt, lifeless stone, their enormous eyes turned to the north. The great heads alone appeared, as if the bodies were embedded in the hardened lava that had poured over and formed the base of the outer slope of the famous volcano Rana Roraka. The youth gazed long and wonderingly at them, as in his mind they were associated with the gods, and he reverently touched one, being able just to reach its huge lips.

Kaitae was a bright boy, with long, dark hair and brilliant, piercing eyes, and he presented a strange contrast to the wonderful old face that looked so steadfastly to the north. What was it looking at? what did it see? he asked himself;

and climbing up to the brink of Rana Roraka, he gazed steadily to the north, then, turning, peered down into the vast crater of the volcano. The great abyss was nearly circular, a mile across, and its sides were deeply jagged. On the sides, half-way down, were other faces, lying in strange confusion, as if they had been hurriedly left, or thrown down by some convulsion of nature.

Kaitae had heard from his father that in ancient times Tro Kaiho, a son of King Mohuta Ariiki, had made the first of these images. Here they had been for ages, for all he knew, marking the spot where the remains of his ancestors lay.

Kaitae, however, was not abroad so early in the morning to study these strange monuments of his ancestors. It was a famous holiday-time,—the Festival of the Sea-birds' Eggs,—and the entire male population of Waihu was gathered at Orongo to celebrate it. The festival was an ancient custom, and the stone houses of Orongo had been built long in the past by these people to shelter them during this season.

The festival consisted of a race for the first gull's egg deposited upon the islands of Mutu Rankan and Mutu Nui, mere volcanic rocks

which peered above the surface a few hundred yards from the rocky shore of the island of Orongo. The object was to reach the island first, secure an egg, and bring it back in safety. The one who accomplished this was greeted by the entire community as a hero; and, more important yet, the return with the unbroken egg was supposed to bring with it the approval of the great spirit Meke Meke; and the fortunate one was the recipient of many gifts from his fellows throughout the ensuing year.

There was keen rivalry among the young men and boys; and Kaitae had determined this year to be the first to discover gulls on the islands. Running down the slope of the volcano, past the great stone images weighing many tons, he made his way quickly to an observation tower, about thirty feet in height, resting upon a platform of rock over the tombs of his people. Here, in the season, the men watched for turtles and signaled to their fellows. From the top of this lookout Kaitae gazed over the blue water. There were the little islands below him, and—yes, about them hovered numbers of white objects, the long-looked-for gulls, which evidently had arrived during the night. With a joyous shout, Kaitae



"KAITAE REVERENTLY TOUCHED ONE OF THE GREAT STONE
FACES, BEING ABLE JUST TO REACH ITS HUGE LIPS"

sprang down, and was soon bounding over the rocks to convey the news to the natives. At once they all came swarming out of their stone burrows like ants, and before long began to move in the direction of the coast. When all had gathered at the cliff, the king addressed them, repeating the time-honored rules for the race.

At this word they were to start for the island, and the one who returned to him first with an unbroken egg would have the especial favor of the great spirit Meke Meke.

The band of excited men and boys stood in various expectant postures, some with one foot in advance, others with arms eagerly stretched to the front, ready for the word from the king.

Kaitae stood near his father, his eyes flashing, and determination expressed in every motion. He had decided upon a dangerous course. The cliff where the start was made was a precipitous, jagged wall rising far above the sea, and breasting it with a bold front. From it numerous paths led down to the water; and Kaitae knew that many a fierce struggle would take place to reach the water's edge. He had determined to take the cliff jump, a perilous feat that had not been attempted since the king, his grand-

father, a famous athlete, had performed it when a boy.

Finally, when all in line were in readiness, the king gave the signal, and on rushed the crowd of islanders with loud cries and shouts. Out from among them shot the form of a boy, straight as an arrow, his long, black hair flying in the wind. Not to the lower beach, not to the narrow trails made by his ancestors, but directly to the brink of the precipice. The train of dusky figures paused breathless, and the king rushed forward to see Kaitae dive out into space and gracefully disappear into the depths below. Up he soon came, a black spot on the waters, and before the astonished natives could recover from their excitement he was far on his way to the island.

Down the narrow trails worn in the lava swept the crowd, pushing one another over in their rush to the shore, diving, leaping, and hurling themselves into the sea in eager endeavor to reach the island. But Kaitae was far in advance; and before the crowd of egg-seekers were half-way over he had gained the rocky point of Mutu Nui, and amid the threatening cries of the birds had clambered up. Dozens of speckled eggs were strewn about. Seizing one, Kaitae



"KAITAE HELD OUT THE EGG, UNBROKEN, TO THE KING"

placed it in his mouth as the safest place, and, springing again into the water, was homeward bound.

No one seemed discouraged because Kaitae was ahead. A hundred accidents might yet befall him. The current was strong against the return; the egg might break—it generally did; he might slip on the rocks in the quick ascent; he might be injured, even killed—such things had been known. So the contestants swam on, and soon scores of dark forms could be seen crawling out from the water over the moss-covered rocks, slipping, sliding, falling; then dart-

ing this way and that in search of an egg. Having found one, each plunged quickly into the sea. Altogether it was a scene strange and exciting, even to the king who had witnessed every race for many years. Some of the men broke their eggs and were obliged to return, while others could not find any, and were pecked at and buffeted by the enraged birds that filled the air with their cries, and swooped down to avenge this intrusion.

Kaitae reached the shore of Orongo well ahead of all except one man who had won the race more than once in former years—a daring climber, a rapid and powerful swimmer. But Kaitae drew himself up on the rocks carefully, that the egg might not be broken, then sped away up the face of the cliff. For days he had studied the steep ascent, and a score of times had scaled its rough face, but never before with a large egg in his mouth. When half-way up he was breathing hard. His mouth became dry and parched, and the egg seemed to be choking him. But still he held on, climbing higher and higher, spurred on by the shouts of his companions, who were now landing in large numbers.

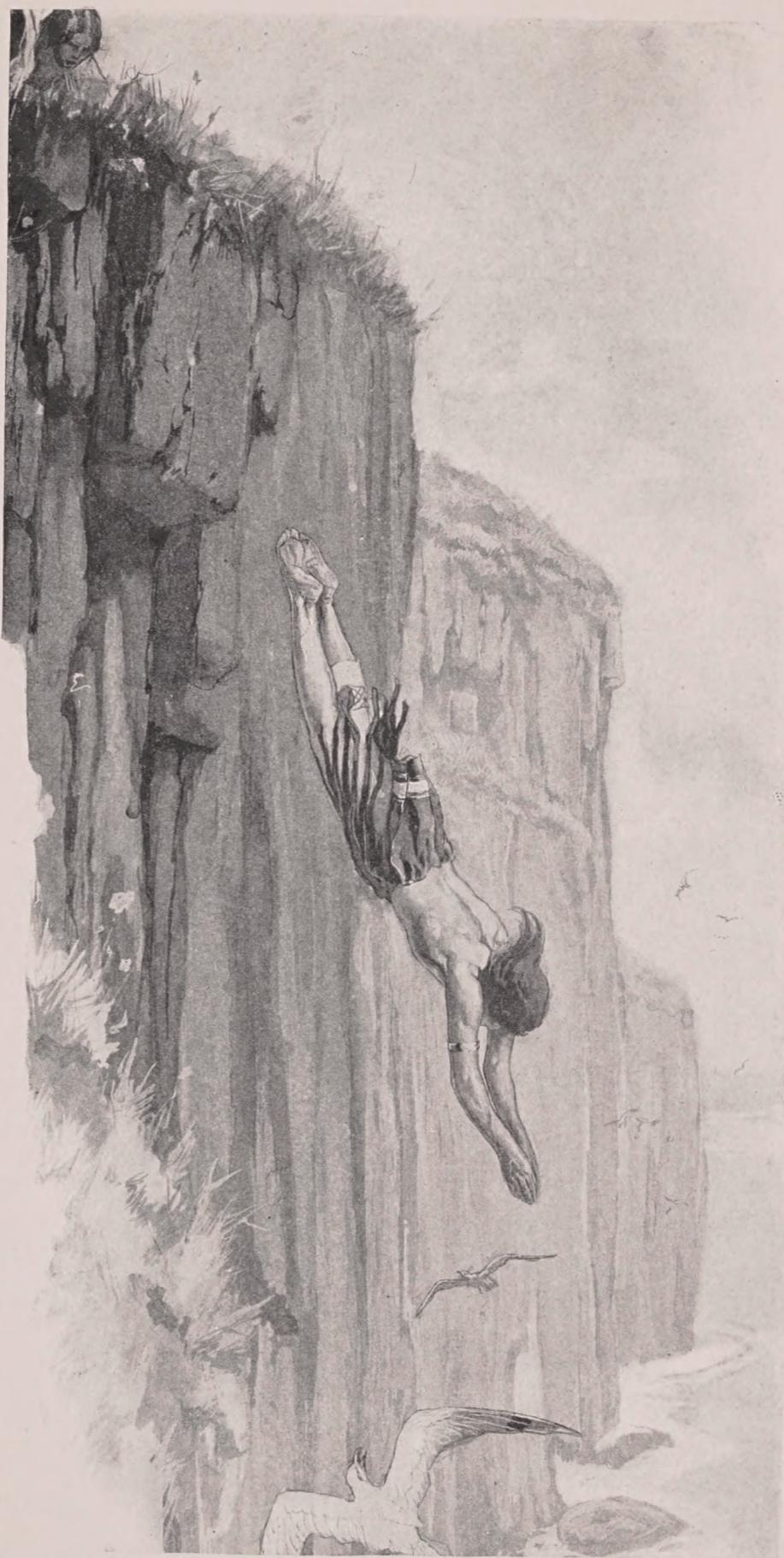
One more effort, and he reached the top, and running forward, he held out the egg, unbroken,

to the king. He was just in time, for his nearest rival, breathless Tahana, came rushing up the narrow trail, followed, a few moments later, by a score of disappointed contestants.

As victor, Kaitae was the center of interest for the remainder of the day. Many gifts and favors fell to him, and he sat in the seat of honor next to the king at the dance and the merrymakings on that and succeeding nights.

Kaitae was much more intelligent than many of his comrades, and while he joined in their games and pastimes he as much enjoyed listening to his elders when they related stories of the wonders of Waihu in the olden time. He learned that in those days the island was inhabited by many tribes of men, all under his ancestor the king; and that the curious platforms and monuments that have since made Easter Island famous over the entire world were long before erected by his ancestors, just as in our parks we set up statues to commemorate our own distinguished men; and that the platforms were tombs as much revered by the natives of the island as Westminster Abbey is revered by patriotic Englishmen.

During the boyhood of Kaitae several strange ships bearing white men visited the island, and

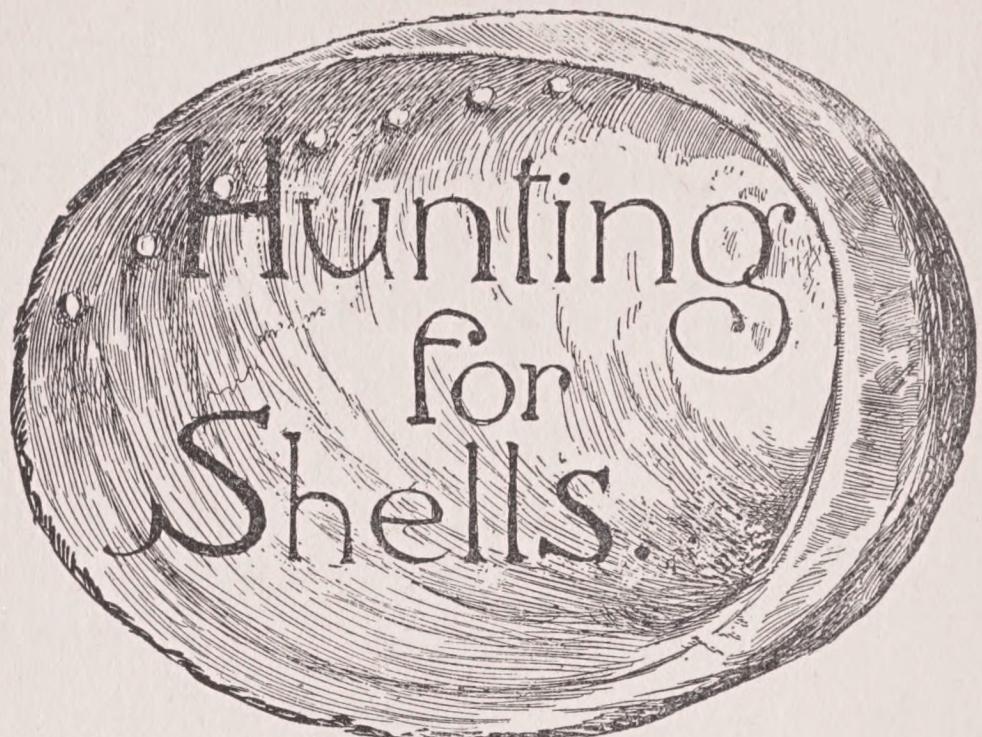


KAITAE'S DIVE

traded with the islanders. But some difficulties occurred, and numbers of his people were killed; and once a horde of native enemies came in canoes, drove them to their hidden caves, destroyed their homes, and killed hundreds of the people. When Kaitae and his friends came out from their hiding-places they found the statues in many cases thrown down or broken in pieces, and the tombs destroyed. The heads of the images weighed tons, and many could not be replaced; and there they lie, to this day, prone upon the side of the great volcano.

A descendant of King Kaitae, also bearing his name, is, or was a few years ago, still living at Easter Island—an old man, over eighty years of age, who delighted in talking to foreigners of the wonders of his native Waihu in ancient days.

A few years ago an American man-of-war visited Waihu, and made a careful examination of the island. Among the many interesting relics brought to the United States was one of the ancient faces or heads by one of which Kaitae stood on the morning of his sixteenth birthday when he won the race; and any of my readers who visit Washington may see this great stone image, for it is exhibited in the National Museum.



BY H. D. SMITH



S a relief from the routine of life on shipboard, the writer has often rambled over miles of wild sea beach and stretches of smooth, shifting sand. There is great pleasure in listening to the deep-toned breakers, and in watching the ever-changing tints of the opaline waters. The solitude is unbroken save by the deep breathing or pulsations of old Ocean and an occasional complaining note from some sea-fowl. During

such rambles an interest in shells began. The many bright-colored treasures along the beach must arouse in the hearts of the most indifferent at least a recognition of their beautiful shapes and wonderful colors.

The result of my study of shells has been a collection of shells representing many parts of the globe, and the sight of some of the shells recalls a day of adventure, or such a little "yarn" as is always relished by the youthful listener.

Of course my interest in shells has led me to study the science of shells—conchology—and to notice interesting items upon the subject wherever met with.

The researches of the famous English cruiser "Challenger" revealed many secrets held long concealed by old Ocean; and while exploring the bed of the Atlantic for the pathway of the cable, shelled animals were obtained at a depth of 1900 fathoms, or about two miles, and specimens have been secured in 2425 fathoms, or nearly three miles.

Probably the finest shells known come from the isles of the South Seas, cast up on the sloping beaches of these ever green emeralds of the ocean by the breakers of the mighty Pacific. At Cebu,

in the Philippine Islands, the writer has found some of the rarest shells in his collection, and has bought shell cups and spoons made from the univalve shells. When they are cut, cleaned, and polished the interior shows a vivid orange tint mingled with a pearly coating.

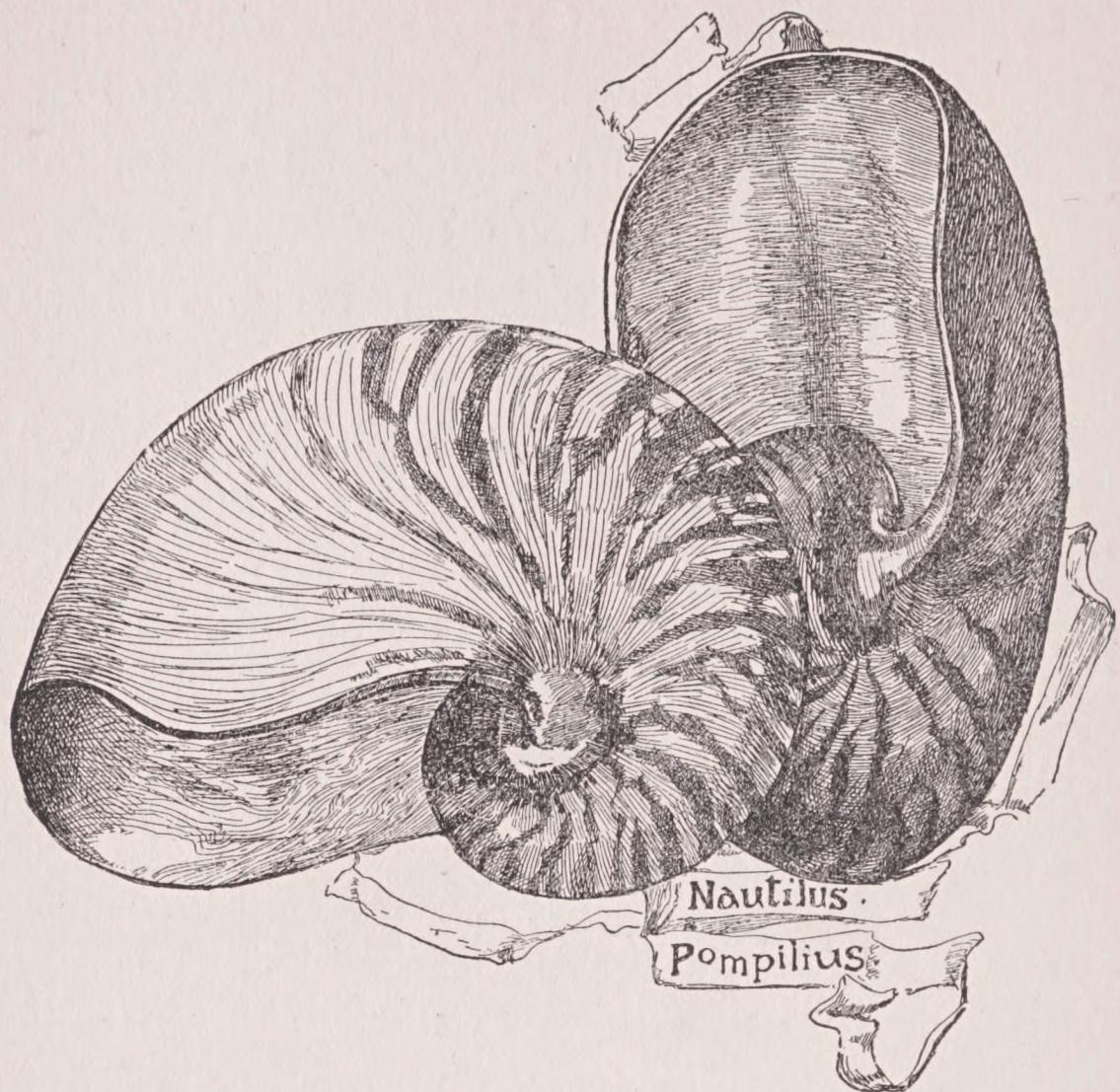
Strewn along the beaches of numerous South Pacific islets, all but unknown to the average navigator, is found the Pearly Nautilus, supposed by seamen to be furnished with a membrane which serves as a sail. There are four species to be seen living. Here too the beautiful Natica, a species of marine gastropod, with its glassy shell regularly streaked with yellow bars, is found in its sandy hiding-place. Here also is the beautifully polished and tinted Oliva. Fine specimens of mother-of-pearl may be found, and a perfect kaleidoscope of intermingling color greets the eye at every step.

On one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, while gathering shells, not noticing that the sun had nearly set and deep shadows were creeping out from the banana and cocoa palms, I heard an unusual commotion among a combined party of monkeys and parrakeets that were in a beautiful fan-palm whose branches reached

to within a few feet of the feathery, tumbling surf. The search for shells would have led directly under the rustling foliage, and but for the noise made by the birds and monkeys this story about shells would probably never have been written.

Coiled amid the thick leaves and vines was a big snake, I think a boa-constrictor, whose flashing eyes and great jaws came into view as I cautiously advanced. One glance was sufficient. I had no weapons, and I made a retreat to the little boat on the beach. The island was left in a hurry, and the rapidly growing darkness, coming at once after the tropical sunset, effectually shut out all objects from view. But the lesson taught by that meeting was not forgotten; and from that day, whenever indulging in a ramble on unknown ground, I have carried a gun.

At Singapore the opportunities to secure shells of great variety in colors, forms, and sizes are not surpassed at any point in India. Here may be found specimens from all parts of the Malayan Archipelago, the coasts of Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and China. Mother-of-pearl comes here almost entirely from Borneo and the Southwestern Archipelago. The minute flash



shells of Ceylon, scarcely larger than a grain of sand, but as perfectly formed as the nautilus or spider-shell, are obtained here, and are considered curiosities. They are of all shapes and forms, resembling baskets, stars, and diamonds, but none is to be found larger than a pin's head.

Just across the famous old Straits of Malacca is the sultanate of Johore. Receiving permission to view the little Malay country, the writer, as-

sisted by two trained and armed shikarries, improved the opportunity to secure some shells. Engaging the shikarries was a wise precaution, as the shell district at one point borders on the confines of a dense jungle where tigers were known to lurk.

There were many beautiful specimens of tree-shells as well as of "green snail," a strictly land



species of short, spiral form, in color a pale, green-lemon tint, suffused with yellow. Suddenly my labors were interrupted by the elder shikarry, whose deep guttural exclamation and eyes flashing with excitement attracted my attention.

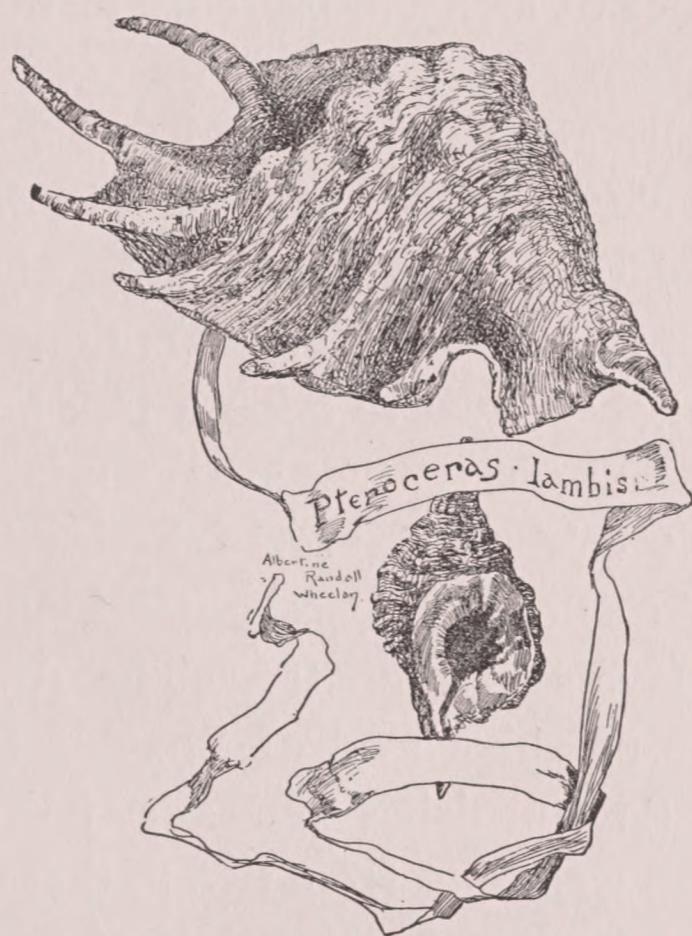
"Hist, sahib!—be wary," he whispered.
"Look, there is Kya! Kya!" (Tiger).

I must confess this startling piece of news was more than I had really expected when I left the spacious bungalow of the Sultan. Moving back a pace or two beyond the shadow of the thickly interlaced underbrush, I took from the shikarry's hand the heavy rifle he always carried.



The next instant out stalked a tiger, who came clear of the shrubbery, swaggering along with the peculiar gait of a tiger when he is on the prowl. The raising of the cumbersome weapon to my shoulder brought the brute to a standstill. His big blazing eyeballs held me in a fixed stare which seemed to agitate every nerve in my body.

The tail of the tiger switched nervously from side to side, while one huge paw remained uplifted, as if he was undecided just what action to take. Not a muscle in the natives quivered; motionless as statues, they stood in the rear, their spotless turbans gleaming in the flood of sun-



shine, leaving all to the superior prowess of the white man. Hastily my eye glanced along the sights, and with the report a low, menacing growl issued from the muscular throat, as with a mighty bound the powerful brute disappeared

within the depths of the dark, drowsy jungle. I had missed him in the hurry and excitement of a first shot, and, somewhat abashed, shell-hunting was abandoned for that day. The shikarries probably had a quiet laugh at my expense, but of course they were too well trained to exhibit the slightest trace of levity in presence of their master's guest.

Pearl-shells are valuable, and fine specimens are hard to obtain. They are found in the Treamotoe, Gambier, and Trihual groups of islands. The choicest come from Macassar; these are the white-edged shells, worth \$800 a ton, and from these the finest pearl buttons are manufactured.

The most celebrated pearl-fisheries lie near the coast of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and in the waters of Java and Sumatra. The Australian coast in the neighborhood of Shank's Bay and at Roebuck Bay furnishes some very large shells, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each. The fisheries of Baja, Gulf of California, are very rich, France controlling the gems procured there. The meat of the pearl-oyster is readily bought by the Chinamen, who dry the leathery little bivalves or seal them up in cans and ship them to their countrymen in San Francisco.

The pearl-shells readily sell upon the spot at from \$1.50 to \$5 per pound.

Pearls and tears have for ages been associated, and the magic virtues of the pearl were held in high esteem in early times, as they are to-day with the East Indians.

It is said that Queen Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV of Scotland, previous to the battle of Flodden Field, had many presentiments of the disastrous issue of that conflict, owing to a dream she had three nights in succession, that jewels and sparkling coronets were suddenly turned into pearls—which the superstitious believed were a sign of coming widowhood and of tears.

Pearls are of various colors, and in India the red pearls were highly prized by the Buddhists, who used them in adorning their temples. Pearls are formed to protect the shell-fish. They are due to a secretion of shelly substance around some irritating particle, and their composition is the same as that of mother-of-pearl.

From the bright-tinted islands of the vast Pacific, the spice-laden breezes and deep-hued waters of Ceylon, the rich, glowing hills of Borneo and Sumatra, we will turn to the low-lying shores and sand-girt keys of the Gulf of Mexico.

Though lacking the gorgeous tropical surroundings and picturesque scenery of the Orient, the shimmering, sandy surfaces, scarcely peeping above the foam-capped billows, have been found rich in brightly tinted and peculiarly shaped shells. The scene, too, along the Gulf Coast is by no means devoid of beauty and novelty.

At Hurricane Island, the entrance to St. Andrew's Sound on the west coast of Florida, a few pretty-colored Ark, Cockle, Drill, and Naiad shells have been secured. Here also is found the exquisitely polished Oliva shell, varying from a light drab to a deep, rich mottled brown. It leaves only a slight trail in the fluffy sand where it burrows for a hiding-place, and it requires a sharp and practised eye to discover its lurking-place. Hurricane Island is rapidly disappearing before the savage assaults of thundering breakers, and before long the blue waters of the Gulf will sweep over it.

At St. Joseph's Bay, a few miles to the eastward of Hurricane Island, a safe and commodious harbor is formed by a narrow arm of sand-dunes. Along their glistening shores a variety of delicate and pretty shells has been gathered. Thrown on the sloping borders by the restless

waves, nestle the peculiar-shaped Sinistral, the clean-cut Turbinella, the cone-shaped Virnestas, and innumerable Winkles, which destroy large numbers of oysters by drilling their shells and sucking their juices.

On the same beach my son, while quietly selecting a few choice, colored mollusks, was startled by a sudden, vicious grunt, and glancing up, was startled by the spectacle of a genuine Florida hog, a "razor-back," charging down upon him at full speed. With back arched, stiff bristles standing erect with rage, long, curved tusks protruding from the foam-flecked snout, and villainous eyes snapping with rage, the angry beast came on. Altogether he was a formidable-appearing brute, and in point of ferocity not to be trifled with. Startled by the sudden attack, the young man retreated precipitately into the water, the only means of escape open to him, where, waist-deep, he opened fire from a heavy navy-revolver. Not long afterward, in the petty-officers' mess, there was a glorious banquet on wild hog.

Along the Florida reefs, once the home of the daring and wicked wrecker, beautiful shells are thrown up by the waves of the Gulf; while along the chain of little keys or islands jutting out to

the westward from Key West toward Tortugas, where towers Fort Jefferson, the celebrated solitary fortress of the Gulf, are found the pretty brown-mottled shells that cling to submerged roots of thick and tangled mangrove bushes, the natural haunt and home of the water-mocassin.

At Tortugas a number of Conchs, King and Queen, were secured in the surf; also many delicate patterns of sea-ferns, brilliant in many colors. At Sanibal Island is found the right-handed fan-shell, said to be obtainable at only three or four places in the world. This shell, the spiral being reversed, is mentioned as a rarity by Jules Verne in his interesting book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

Upon many of the lone and desolate sand-islets, where tradition says that the pirates and buccaneers of old once found a congenial haunt, are beaches rich in shell treasures, but they have been thoroughly tramped over by collectors.

Reminiscences of boat adventures in the rolling lines of breakers on the coast of Africa, or while hunting for the brilliant Abalones in the Gulf of California, or in seeking for mother-of-pearl on the wild coast of Australia, with happenings that include sharks, a narrow escape

from the black natives of New Zealand, and a battle with monkeys on the Coromandel coast, might be included in this description of shell-hunting; but possibly sufficient has been recounted to convince the reader that even in so tame a pursuit as shell-gathering one may now and again happen upon exciting situations.





WHAT A BOY SAW IN MADEIRA

BY D. H. TRIBON

ONE of my young friends, whose name is George Tyler, once took a three-years' cruise in a man-of-war, and during the cruise he made a visit to Madeira. He was very glad when the ship dropped her anchor at Funchal, the port of Madeira, and very anxious to get ashore to see the island. When his turn came to go ashore, George and a friend of his called one of the many boats that continually surrounded the ship, and, stepping into it, were soon landed on the beach.

Leaving the boatman, George and his friend walked up to the open square which is quite near the water, and sat down for a moment to look about them.

Here under the shade of the trees with which the square is planted, they saw quite a number of the inhabitants. The peasants attracted their attention at once; George thought the little funnel-shaped caps which most of the men and some of the women wore, were the oddest he had ever seen. A group of beggars soon grew so troublesome with their pitiful petitions that George and his friend were glad to leave the square for a saunter through the streets. These they found curiously paved with small pebbles, and very slippery. George's feet, unaccustomed to the small paving-stones, soon grew tired, and, as there are no sidewalks in the city, he suggested to his companion that they should hire one of the "street-cars," as he called the "bullock carts" on runners.

Engaging one of these at six hundred *reis* per hour (the *rei* of Madeira is about the same as our mill, or a tenth of a cent), they spent a long time in riding about the city. The driver walked beside the cart with his goad, shouting occasionally at the top of his voice. His shout consisted of a

long succession of calls, “*Ca-oo-oo-oo-ah!* *Ca-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ah!*” preceded or followed by Portuguese phrases, which George could not catch. Just ahead walked a boy calling out now and then in his shrill voice, “*Ca para mim boi!*” (Come here to me, oxen!)

The oxen were small, but handsome and well cared for. Occasionally the boy would stop for the cart, and allow first one runner and then the other to pass over a little bag of grease which he carried in his hand. In this way the runners are greased so that they may glide along easily, and this is what makes the street so slippery.

Everything is drawn on runners in Madeira. At the time when George was there, there was but one wheeled carriage on the island. The greater part of the people walk. A few ride in the carts, a few in hammocks borne on men’s shoulders, and for long distances they ride horse-back. Merchandise is drawn on sledges, many of which are seen in the lower parts of the city.

It was a new experience to George to be where every one spoke a language he could not understand; to ride through the streets hour after hour without seeing a single carriage on wheels; to be in a land where every month has its flowers, and

bees gather honey summer and winter; where fruit succeeds fruit through all the seasons, and the air is soft and mild through all the year.

When he went off to the ship at night, and saw the beautiful island in the shade, with its many lights far up and far along the hillside, and heard bells now and then breaking the silence of the night, he could hardly realize that it was not all a dream from which he should awake the next morning wondering whither the beautiful island had vanished.

But when he went on deck the next morning, there it was, far more beautiful in the sunlight than it was the night before. George was charmed with the wonderful lights and shades which the passing clouds produced on the many mountain-sides, and he wondered how a simple collection of mountains could be so lovely. The sea was smooth, but the long swells came in from the Atlantic, and, breaking on the shingly beach, formed a fitting frame for the picture.

There is a church at Funchal, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, called the church of "Our Lady of the Mount," which George had watched from the ship, and which he set out to visit the next time he was allowed to go

ashore. Accompanied by his friend, he went to a stable to hire a horse to ride up the hill. After some delay in making a bargain, they were seated in their saddles. Each horse was attended by a "*burriqueiro*," or horseboy, and as soon as they were ready each *burriqueiro* seized the tail of his horse, and shouted a little Portuguese command. Away they went at a brisk pace, the boys following. Coming to a comparatively level place in the road, they struck into a run, trying to see if they could shake these boys off. They did not succeed, for the little fellows clung to the horses' tails, and never thought of letting go or giving up. It was nearly three miles to the church by the way they went, and in some places the road was so steep that there were steps cut for the horses to place their feet.

At first, the road was walled in, so that they saw nothing but the tops of the houses and the trees in the gardens. In many places the walls were overhung with flowers of different hues which filled the air with a grateful perfume. Farther up, the walls were not so high, and a little beyond, there were none at all. Myriads of lizards were basking in the sun, but they were not poisonous; indeed there are no poisonous reptiles on the

island. The horses walked up the hill very rapidly, and the boys followed as easily as if they were walking for pleasure. They stopped to rest but once, and in little more than half an hour were at the church.

They sent their horses back to the stables, for they were to go down in a quite different way. The view from the church steps comprises all the town, the harbor with its shipping, and the broad Atlantic.

But George was too much excited at the thought of descending the hill to care much about the view, and he hurried his friend to the sledge-stand nearby. Here he selected his sledge, which is made of willow, stoutly braced and placed on runners. With one attendant on each side and one behind, every one holding on with a leathern thong in his hand, the sledge was started. They dashed down the steep way as a boy slides downhill in winter, and the skilful attendants guided the sledge, no matter how fast it went, with a dexterity that has often surprised older and more experienced travelers than George. Down they went with fearful rapidity, turning corners without upsetting, but with long slides to leeward, always going on, with many

an exclamation from George, who could not feel quite safe while flying at so furious a rate. In nine minutes they were at the foot of the hill, more than two miles from the church.

George thought that this beat all the sliding downhill that he had ever imagined, and he would gladly have walked back for the sake of another slide if he could have found any one to go with him.



WHAT LYDIA SAW

BY HERBERT H. SMITH



LITTLE West Indian girl was playing with her old black nurse under the orange-trees. She had her lap full of sweet-scented frangipani flowers, and was making a pink rope of them, sticking the tube of each flower into the mouth of the next one, as our children string honeysuckles. The old nurse was crooning softly to herself, and watching the child with half-closed eyes; it was almost noon, and the warm air made her drowsy.

"Where's papa?" asked the child.

"Mahstah Bell? Me not know, missy. He go to Cumb'land dis mawnin' fo' see dat sick man; he was come back 'fo' miamh" (he was to have been back before breakfast, she meant), "but he don' come no moah."

The little girl's father was a physician, and she understood that his duties often kept him away from home. Her face clouded with disappoint-

ment for a moment, and then she went on stringing the frangipani flowers.

Suddenly she dropped them, and threw up her hands in alarm; the ground beneath was swaying and trembling, and there was a noise like distant thunder. The old woman threw herself on her face, beating her woolly head, and screaming, "O Lordy! Ah, poo' me! poo' me!"

But it was over in a moment. The child recovered herself first and began to laugh, though rather nervously. "It 's only an earthquake," she said. "Stop crying, mammy; that 's ridic'lous."

Mammy sat up, but she did not laugh. "Missy Lyddy," she said, solemnly, "dat no earfquake; dat Moco-jumbo bawlin' away in um mountain, 'cause he well mad."

The Souffrière was a volcano some miles distant. Lydia had never been there, but she had heard of the great crater, and the cone-shaped hill in the middle of it that was always smoking a little. Only the day before, her father with some other gentlemen had climbed the mountain, and they had noticed that the cone was quite covered with vapor.

Lydia crept up to her nurse, half-frightened and half incredulous.

"But the earthquakes don' hurt people," she said. "Papa told me they were just little ones, not like those in the Spanish countries. There they are *too* awful. Why, they make houses fall down, and kill all the people."

"Dunno 'bout dose. In my country" (the old woman had been born in Africa) "dey not shake um groun' nevah. Moco-jumbo not so bad in my country, 'cause niggah say pray to he; nevah say no pray to he in dis country; so he git mad an' bawl."

It was of course very foolish of the old woman to talk so; but she was full of the old pagan superstitions of her race, though she called herself a Christian.

The child listened in fear; she was so nervous by this time that when a bell sounded nearby, she screamed, and clung to the nurse.

"Dat nothin'. Dat 's jes bell fo' niggah stop work in cane-field." It was the noon bell on a neighboring plantation.

But just then there came a mighty crash—a sound so awful, so stupendous, that the very trees and grass shook with it; the ground rocked and quivered. People ran screaming from the village houses, and threw themselves on their knees, praying and crying and trembling; a horse gal-

loped madly down the road, the broken reins trailing behind him; the dogs cowered and whined.

With a shrill scream the old woman flung herself on the earth as if she would burrow into it; the little girl sank on her knees, sobbing and moaning, frightened beyond measure, and no wonder.

"Lydia! Lydia!" called her father, who had just come in. He ran out of the house and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, papa! what is it? Mammy says it 's Moco-jumbo. I 'm *too* frightened," sobbed the child.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Bell, though he looked grave enough; "there 's no such thing as Moco-jumbo. It 's the volcano that has burst out. See there!" and he pointed to where a vast column of pitchy smoke was rising.

Mrs. Bell ran out with little Ruby, and all stood watching the mountain. The black mass rose and rose over hills and trees, slowly, it seemed, because they were so far away; but in reality the great cloud was shooting up two hundred feet a second: an awful and yet a magnificent sight.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lydia, "it 's a great, big, large black log sticking up into the sky!"

Indeed it looked so at first, for the sides of the column were quite straight, so that it seemed solid; but as the wind caught it, clouds of smoke broke away and drifted westward, darkening the whole sky. After the first crash there had been silence for a moment; but now began a sullen roar like distant thunder, almost continuous though not very loud. All the villagers were out by this time, some watching the mountain, some running off over the road, some—especially the negroes—sobbing and screaming.

Mrs. Bell herself was very nervous, and a little inclined to cry; but she was a brave lady after all, and soon set herself to quieting the children. Fortunately, Dr. Bell was a man of intelligence and courage; and he had long thought that an eruption was probable. During the past year there had been earthquakes almost every day, and sometimes two or three in one day—slight ones, doing no damage, but keeping the ignorant people in a state of constant alarm. Dr. Bell had noticed that these little earthquakes were always more apparent around the base of the old volcano, and he had reasoned that they were caused

by some force beneath it which might become more violent at any time.

Now he took a cheerful tone, to comfort the others. "This eruption had to come," he declared, "but it will be a good thing in the end; it will put a stop to all these earthquakes. We're out of the way of any lava-flow, and if there's danger we shall have plenty of time to get away to Barrouallie or Kingstown. I'm glad it did n't come yesterday, when I was up there."

He and other gentlemen did all they could to quiet the negroes; and when people saw that only smoke came from the volcano, they thought the worst was over, and took courage. Late in the afternoon Dr. Bell went with his wife and the children to the market-square, where they had a better view of the mountain. Half the villagers were gathered there watching it; and truly it was a grand sight. All the afternoon that black pillar shot into the sky, half a mile broad and four or five miles high, it was thought, and the clouds of smoke rolled off westward, far out to sea. There were no flames, but now and then a vivid flash of lightning would shoot over the column. All the time they heard that sound, like low thunder, never ceasing, yet never loud.

Late in the day the smoke-cloud drifted over the village, bringing stifling sulphur-fumes with it; and presently white ashes began to float down.

People coming from Richmond Plantation and Wallibou reported that the ground there was quite covered with ashes and sand. Then came canoes full of Indians who had fled from their settlement at Morne Ronde, just at the base of the volcano.

All this Lydia saw, standing by her mother's side in the market-square; little four-year-old Ruby gazing also with wide-open eyes, but understanding very little of it all. After a while they went home; the frightened servants were called in, and Mrs. Bell managed to get supper. The doctor was talking cheerfully all the time, and indeed it seemed now that there was not much to fear. As night came on, a slight glow of fire could be seen on the mountain, and the smoke-column was as thick as ever; but that was all. Most of the villagers gave up watching it and went home to bed. Lydia slept soundly with her arms around little Ruby; the children, after their first fright, had quite enjoyed the excitement.

When Lydia woke next morning—it was

Tuesday—the rumbling sound was louder than before, and there was a strong smell of burning sulphur. The little girls ran out of doors, and found the grass and trees everywhere white with ashes which were floating down.

“Dah, Missy Lyddy,” cried old mammy, hobbling up, “what me tell you, eh? Moco-jumbo comin’ fas’ enough now!”

Just then Dr. Bell strode out of the house, took the old woman by the shoulders, and shook her as he gave her another scolding. He was not at all a cruel man, but he was thoroughly vexed at Mammy for frightening the children with her Moco-jumbo nonsense.

“See here, Mammy!” he said, at length; “you must stop that, or I ’ll have you punished. So take care!” The old woman, on this, retreated, muttering to herself; and thereafter she was more chary with her tongue. Mammy held her master in great awe, and knew he would do as he promised.

All that day the eruption continued, and all the next, the ashes falling lightly at times, as smoke-clouds drifted over the village. On Wednesday the sky was again darkened, so that they had to light candles in the house, and the air was full of ashes. Through the gloom they could see

flashes of fire on the mountain. But children get used to anything. Lydia and Ruby played about under the orange-trees, soiling their frocks with the ashes, and only pausing now and then as the fire gleamed brighter or the hoarse rumbling increased. The plantation negroes had gone back to work, and the morning and noon bells rang as usual.

On Wednesday night Dr. Bell was called to a patient at Wallibou, three miles away, and much nearer the mountain. At first he hesitated to leave his family; but the call was an urgent one, so he went, promising to be back next day.

Early on Thursday morning the children jumped from their beds and ran out, as usual, to see the volcano. "Oh, mother!" cried Lydia with delight. "Come quick! It's *too* beautiful!"

It was a wonderful sight. The wind had wafted the smoke-clouds from above them; the rising sun shone on that giant mass, and from black it turned to silver and purple and gold; even the negroes stopped their work to gaze at it. But as they gazed a lurid yellow crept over it; the rumbling sound increased to a roar, and the smoke-column rose higher; there was more to come yet.

Mrs. Bell was very nervous; the more so when

a messenger came from her husband, saying he would be detained all day. There were explosions like thunder, that frightened the children. Little Ruby began to cry, and would hardly be comforted.

By noon the rumbling noise grew and grew until it was a mighty roar. The ground began to tremble, not with the rocking motion of an earthquake, but vibrating continually, as a railroad bridge does when a heavy train passes over it. The children, clinging to their mother, watched the smoke-column in awe and wonder. It streamed into the sky like molten pitch, fired now and then by a flash of lightning, or a glow of flame from the crater. The roaring was so loud that at a little distance they could hardly hear one another speak.

The negroes forsook their work in terror; people hurried southward for refuge, women screamed, the dogs crept off to hiding-places, and cattle wandered moaning, half-starved because all the grass was covered with ashes. Once Lydia ran to pick up a little bird that fell near them. It had been overpowered by the vapor, or perhaps hit by one of the small stones that began to drop. Most of these stones were very light,

like pumice, else they would have done more damage.

Mrs. Bell grew hourly more anxious. Once or twice she half resolved to go with her children to some safer place. But a gentleman who passed advised her not to; he said he believed they were quite secure there, so long as only the light ashes fell, and he was sure Dr. Bell would hasten back to his family if there was any immediate danger.

By four o'clock the noise was frightful; so loud at times that they stopped their ears; talking was impossible unless they screamed close to each other; and the earth was trembling as if it shared their terror. Little Ruby, in her mother's lap, was moaning and clinging, the poor little face all begrimed with ashes and streaked with tears. The servants, old Mammy included, had disappeared. Mrs. Bell had trouble enough to find some supper, and when they had eaten it she took the children to the market-square, mainly for the comfort of being with other people. It was small comfort. Most of the crowd were negroes, and they were groaning on the ground, half dead with terror; only a few of the men showed a little courage.

About seven o'clock in the evening there was

a louder crash, if possible; and suddenly, through the smoke, a pillar of fire shot up, spreading as it rose, and dazzling as molten iron. In that fierce glow the darkness turned to a lurid day; the sea all around caught the gleam and every wave was tinged with angry red. And then, as the fire ascended, forked lightnings began to play through the smoke, deafening claps of thunder sounded through the roar and trembling. Then came great balls of dazzling fire, shooting up from the crater; some falling back into it, some hurled over on the mountain-side, where they set the trees and bushes ablaze. And then the awe-struck crowd saw a great river of fire sweep down from the crater, rumbling and hissing as it came, with meteor-like balls hurled here and there, and the whole mountain-side blazing in its track.

At first it seemed to be coming toward them; then it divided at some mountain ridge, and they could see fresh billows of fire pressing over it until it turned westward and was lost to sight behind a hill. An hour later it reappeared near the coast, three miles north of them; and at length it reached the sea, and they could hear the water hissing even in the constant din of the eruption.



"AS THE FIRE ASCENDED, FORKED LIGHTNINGS BEGAN TO PLAY THROUGH THE SMOKE "

Mrs. Bell knew that her husband was at Wallibou, almost in the track of this lava-river; and her heart sank, for she feared he was overwhelmed in it. In her anxiety for him, she hardly noticed another stream of fire that flowed down the eastern side of the mountain. So she stood in the market-square until after midnight. A neighbor laid a blanket on the ground for the children to lie on; they were silent between fright and admiration, until nature got the better of them and they fell asleep. Lydia remembered closing her eyes to keep out the glow, and that was all until Mrs. Bell roused her to go home at one o'clock in the morning. She followed her mother sleepily at first; but just as they reached the house they were startled by an earthquake shock that almost threw them down. It lasted only a few seconds, and, among so many terrible things, they hardly noticed it. After waiting a little, and finding that there was no other shock, but only the constant trembling, Mrs. Bell took them into the house.

Patter! tat-tat! came a noise on the roof. It was a shower of cinders and pumice-stones, light as chips. Looking through the window, Mrs. Bell saw with alarm that some of them were red-

hot; one fell on a hatched roof nearby, and set it ablaze; but the men threw a bucket of water over it, putting the fire out in a minute. Mrs. Bell laid the children in bed, because she did not know what else to do; but she did not undress them, and for two or three hours she sat by the window, far too nervous to sleep. Indeed, it was an anxious night for her. She thought her husband must be dead, and she did not know how soon the village itself might be overwhelmed by a shower of ashes, or set on fire by hot cinders.

About four o'clock there was a loud clatter on the roof. Lydia started awake, and sat up in bed listening to it; the air seemed to be full of flying stones. Her mother came and tried to soothe her, but she was badly frightened herself.

"Oh, mama!" sobbed Lydia, "will it never stop?"

Just then there was a loud knock at the door. "Run! Run!" cried some one. "The mountain is raining stones. Run to Barrouallie!"

Mrs. Bell caught up Lydia's old-fashioned peaked hat, and put it on her head; then she picked up the sleeping Ruby and ran out of the door, Lydia following. Luckily, most of the stones had fallen in the first shower, and only

here and there one was dropping. People were hurrying along the road, and they joined the stream, running as fast as they could over the hill southward. On top of the ridge Lydia turned for a moment to look at that awful, flaming mass,—the great column of fire flashing through the smoke-pall, the lightnings darting over it, the two rivers of lava flowing east and west,—and that was the last she saw of the eruption. But just as she turned again, a small stone hit her peaked hat, and glanced off without hurting her.

“Mother! mother!” she cried, “a stone hit me!”

Perhaps her mother did not hear her in the din; she answered nothing, but presently took Lydia’s hand, for the child was panting for breath. “Hurry!” she said.

And hurry they did, for miles. I think the neighbors must have helped them; at all events, about noon Mrs. Bell dragged herself and her children up to her brother’s house, eleven miles south of their home in Chateaubelair. I have been over the road myself many a time, and know it as a rough and hard one even for a man; it must have been far worse for this tired, frightened woman and her children.

This story is a true one, and was told to me by

Lydia herself. She was a very old woman when I saw her,—past ninety years,—and all that I have related occurred in 1812, eighty-four years ago. It was the great eruption of the Souffrière of St. Vincent, one of the smaller West Indian islands. It began at noon on April 27, and the worst was ended by the afternoon of May 1, the day when Mrs. Bell and her children reached her brother's house near Barrouallie.

Lydia Bell sat in our house at Chateaubelair as she told the story; a cheery old lady, with keen eyes, and skin dry as parchment and much yellower.

She told also of the wonder and sympathy of her uncle's family; how the fugitives were put to bed and petted and comforted.

And her father was safe, after all. For some reason he was detained until the great burst of fire, and then he thought it wiser not to come, because he would have been obliged to pass a valley where he judged that the lava might descend. As the fact showed, he was right; the lava rushed down this very valley, overwhelming several negro houses and killing some persons who were trying to pass. Wallibou was cut off from the rest of the island by this river of fire; but next



"SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN TO THE MARKET-SQUARE, FOR THE COMFORT OF
BEING WITH OTHER PEOPLE"

day Dr. Bell got a canoe and came around to his family by sea. Their house, too, was safe, and they might even have remained in it had they known; for hardly any stones fell at Chateaubelair after the first shower: indeed, no large ones fell there at all.

But the bombardment in some places must have been terrible. I have seen tracts of land, once smooth and fertile plantations, now covered with the great rugged stones so that you have to pick your way among them as you pass. Many of them are four or five feet broad. Of course, these are only the larger stones; the little ones were buried under the soil long ago.

Stones seem to have fallen all through the eruption, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Not long after the first expulsion of smoke, a negro boy was tending goats on a hill-side; I have seen the place often. Suddenly a small stone fell near him, and then another. He thought that some of his playmates were pelting him from the bushes, and so began to throw stones in return. But the contest was too unequal, for it was the mountain that was throwing stones at him; and ere long he fled in terror, leaving his goats to their fate.

I have no space to tell you the whole story of this great eruption: how many plantations were ruined by the shower of stones, and, far worse, how fifty or perhaps a hundred people were killed by them, with great numbers of cattle and horses; how the lava dammed back a stream and formed a boiling lake, which broke through after a month and came hissing down the valley, overwhelming a whole negro settlement; how ashes were carried five or six hundred miles out to sea, and Barbados, eighty miles off, was darkened by the cloud, so that people had to grope their way at noon and use candles in their houses; how the explosions were heard hundreds of miles away, and it was thought that they were the guns of a great fleet or army.

But one thing I must tell you. When the eruption was over, and people could ascend the mountain again, they found the crater—the one Dr. Bell had visited—all changed. Instead of the smoking cone, there was a lake of water nine hundred feet below, filling the whole area, and so deep that no one has ever been able to fathom it. And beside this, separated from it only by a thin wall, they found a new crater, even larger; it was nearly a mile long, three quarters of a mile wide,

and eight hundred feet deep, with sides like walls. That pit was blown out by the great explosion.

I have stood between the two craters, and looked down into them. The new one is green and pretty now, with bushes and ferns, and no signs of fire; but the old one is a hideous depth of gray green water, through which bubbles are always ascending and bursting into sulphur fumes at the top. Sometimes the wind carries these fumes over the neighboring plantations, for miles around, as if to warn people that the old fires are not yet extinct. I hope it may be long before they break out again!

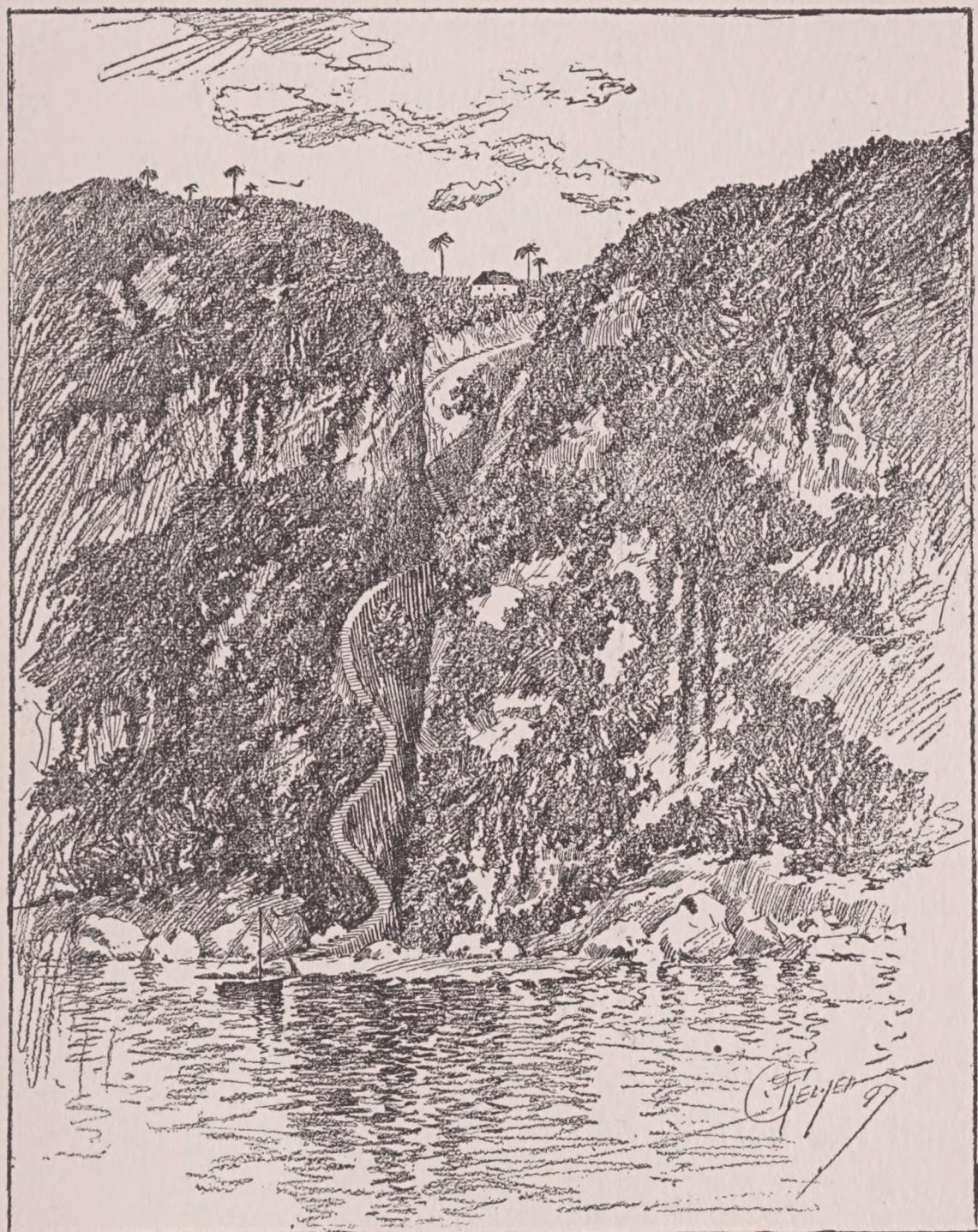
A CITY IN A VOLCANO

BY A. H. VERRILL

IF you will take down your geographies and look on the map of the West Indies, you will notice, between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher, two small islets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba.

The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being sometimes called the "Land of Pluck"; but I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little out-of-the-way island of Saba.

The island is small, its greatest diameter being not over two and one half miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain-top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep and high, ris-



THE LANDING-PLACE, AND "THE LADDER" OF EIGHT HUNDRED STEPS

ing in places for a sheer 2,000 feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage, and no large trees on the island. Although Saba has a population of over 2,500, yet you might sail all around it without seeing any signs of houses or settlements. If you wished to land, or "go aboard" as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a shelving rock on the southern side of the island; and here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain-side.

Following these steps, which number eight hundred and are called "The Ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and looking inland, see a small, grassy plain covered with neat white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with beautiful tree-ferns, bamboos, and wild plantains. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as "The Bottom"—a curious name, surely; but it is well named, nevertheless, for the plain on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths walled with stone, higher in places than your

THE TOWN IN THE CRATER



head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry. Here and there small patches of sugar-cane, yams, and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn, and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal numbers, while the blue-eyed and tow-headed children play with black-skinned and curly-haired piccaninnies; but all are Dutch in speech, manners, and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch. The people are friendly, quiet, industrious, and religious, and, above all, think their little town and island the fairest spot on earth; and although many of the men are sailors, and see every quarter of the globe, yet they always return to Saba to spend their old age. You wonder what these people do for a living: surely they cannot make a livelihood from their miniature garden-plots; but you would never guess what the real and practically the only occupation of these out-of-the-world people is, so I will tell you at once. It is boat-building!

Think of it!—boats built in a crater a thousand feet above the sea, in a place to be reached only by a hard climb up the narrowest of steep stone stairways, or by a still steeper and almost impas-

sable ravine—where every timber and plank used in their construction has to be brought from the shore on men's heads!

Our Dutch West-Indian friends, however, do not bother themselves about getting their little craft down the stairs or ravine. When the boat is finished they haul it to the brink of the precipice; and when all is ready, and the sea smooth and favorable, they calmly lower it over the edge, exactly as if their island were a ship and they were launching a life-boat. Strangely enough, these crater-built boats are noted throughout the West Indies for their speed, strength, and stanchness, and always bring a high price from the people of the other islands.

AN UNFORTUNATE VISIT



BY N. P. BABCOCK

S AID the Queen of the Cannibal Islands one day
To the King of the Cannibal Isles,
“I fervently wish you would take me away;
My appetite’s really becoming passé;
I should like to go miles upon miles.”

So they ordered their boat, and away they set sail,
And with talk both pleasing and witty,
And a glimpse now and then of a sociable whale
(With occasional pauses in order to bail),
At last they arrived in the city.

“Now, the first thing, my dear,” said the King to the Queen,
“That we really, you know, ought to do—”

"Yes, dear husband," she murmured; "I know what you 'd say."

So they entered a restaurant over the way,
And ordered a little-boy stew.

"And, pray," said the King to the waiter, who stared
With his eyes popping out of his head,
And who would have fainted right there had he
dared,

"I trust you will see that it 's ably prepared,—
We 're particular how we are fed."

"Excuse me, good sir," said the waiter, whose hair
Was beginning to whiten with fright,

"But little-boy stew—oh! I hope you won't care—
Is not to be found on our poor bill of fare;
We 're short of that order to-night."

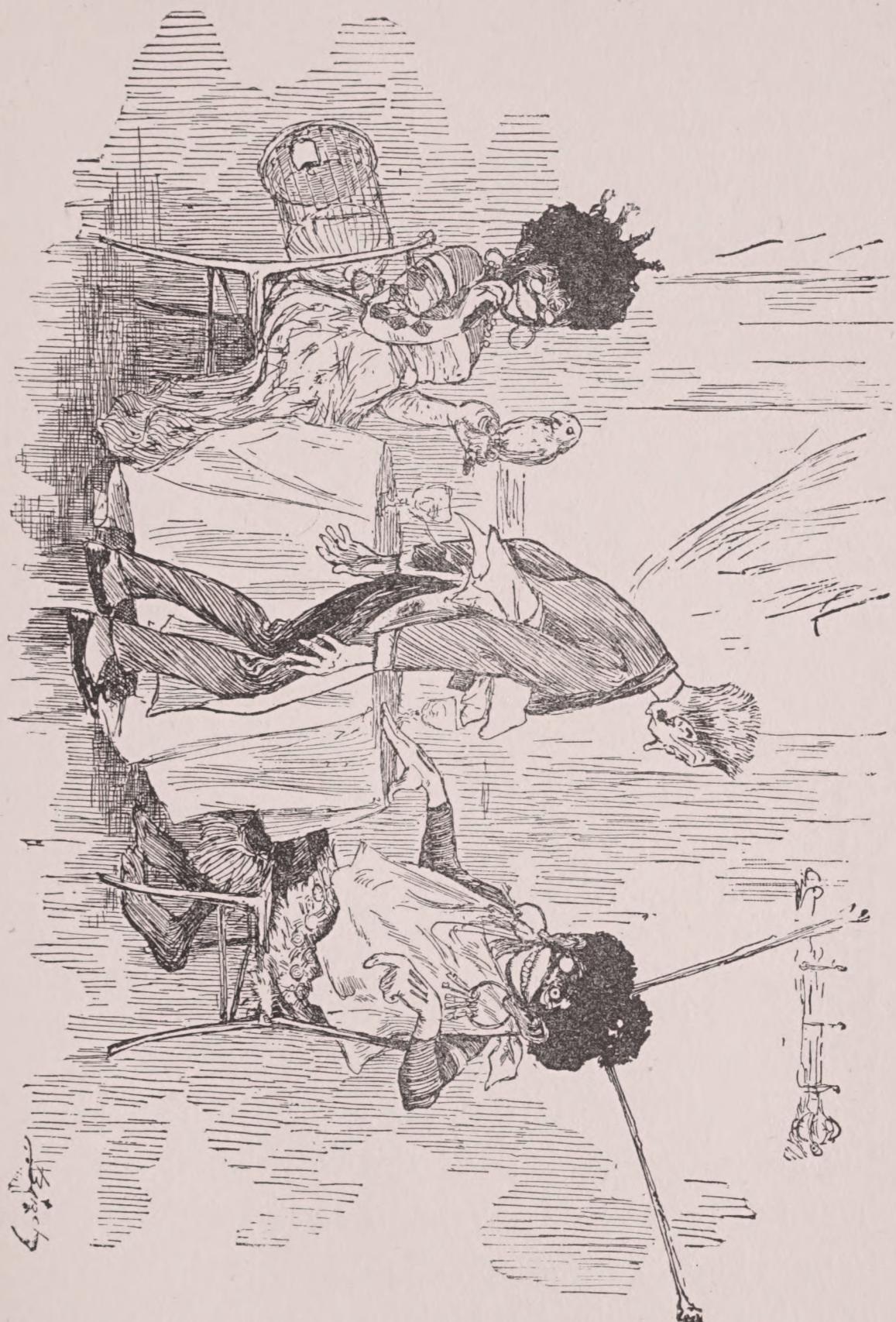
"Very well," said the King; "bring a little-girl pie,
And see that the crust is well done."

Just then there arose a most terrible cry,
For the King, who was hungry, had fixed a keen eye
On the waiter, who started to run.

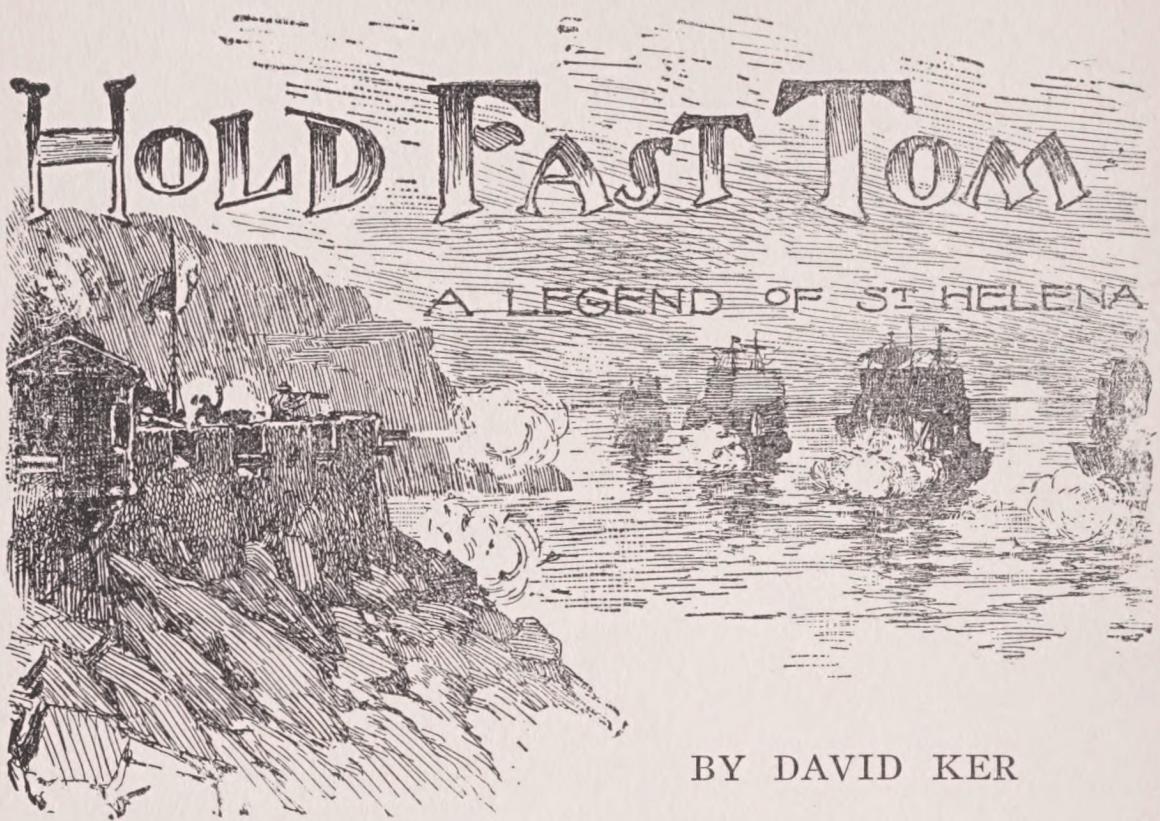
I really can't finish this pitiful tale.

The police took the strangers in hand;
And I venture to say if that sociable whale
Had dreamed in the least how the journey would
fail,

He would not have allowed them to land.



"BRING A LITTLE-GIRL PIE"



BY DAVID KER

THE sun was setting over the island of St. Helena on a fine spring evening in 1673, and in its red glow the vast black cliffs stood out like the walls of a fortress above the great waste of lonely sea that lay around them as far as the eye could reach. Very quiet and very lonesome did it appear, that tiny islet, far away in the heart of the boundless ocean; for the world had scarcely heard of it in those days, and 142 years were still to pass before Napoleon should come there to die, and thereby make St. Helena famous forever.

But there was *one* part of the island that was busy and noisy enough, and that was the spot where the low white houses and single church-spire of Jamestown, half buried in clustering leaves, nestled in a deep gully close to the water's edge, walled in by two mighty precipices nearly a thousand feet in height. All along the line of forts and batteries, perched like birds' nests among the frowning crags that overhung the sea, there was an unwonted stir and bustle. Cannon were rumbling to and fro, rusty pikes and muskets were being dragged forth and laid in readiness, soldiers in buff jackets and big looped-up hats were clustering along the ramparts, while hoarse words of command, clanking swords, the ceaseless tramp of feet, and the clatter of gun-stocks and pike-staves made every cranny of the surrounding cliffs echo again. What could it all mean?

It meant that the stout-hearted Dutchmen who had taken the island from England a few months before were about to have their courage again put to the proof. Those five ships of war in the offing, coming down before the wind under a full press of sail, had just hoisted the red cross of St. George (not yet changed into the Union Jack),



TOM SCALING THE CRAG

and Englishman and Dutchman alike were eager to try

“Whether John or Jan
Be the better man,”

as one of their favorite songs worded it.

Neither side, certainly, lost any time in beginning. The sturdy Hollanders did not wait even for a summons to surrender. The foremost English ship had barely dropped her anchor in front of the Zwart Steen Battery, when there was a red flash from the old gray wall, a loud bang, and then a cannon-ball came tearing through the fore-topsail, and splashed into the water far beyond. Bang went the Englishman’s whole broadside in return, and the balls were heard rattling among the rocks, or crashing into the front of the breast-work; and now the fight began in earnest.

Fire, smoke, flying shot, crashing timbers, deafening uproar, multiplied a thousandfold by the echoes of the surrounding hills—it was a hard fight, for there were Dutchmen behind those batteries who had swept the Channel with Van Tromp, and there were Englishmen aboard those ships who had fought him and his men, yard-arm to yard-arm, under Robert Blake; and it would

have been hard to tell which were the braver or the more stubborn of the two.

"Fire away, boys, for the honor of Old England!" shouted Captain Richard Munden, pacing up and down the quarter-deck of the British flagship amid a hail of shot.

"Stand to it, my sons, as if Father Van Tromp were with you still!" cried the brave old Dutch commandant, Pieter Van Gebhardt, as he leveled a gun with his own hands over the fast-crumbling parapet. "Fear not for the fire and smoke; it is but the Englishman lighting his pipe."

Both sides fought stoutly, and men began to fall fast; but it seemed as if on the whole the Dutch were getting the best of it. The ships, lying out upon the smooth water, made an excellent mark, while the rock-cut batteries could hardly be distinguished from the cliff itself.

But just at that moment a very unexpected turn of fortune changed the whole face of the battle. To explain how this happened, we must go back a little way.

THE Dutch garrison had given their whole attention to the attack in front, feeling sure that this was the only point from which they could be assailed. And they reasoned well; for every-

where else the coast was merely one great precipice of several hundred feet, rising so sheer out of the sea that it seemed as if nothing without wings could possibly scale it.

But they might perhaps have been less confident had they seen what was going on just then at the opposite side of the island.

When the English ships first advanced to the attack, the hindmost of them, while still hidden from the Dutch by the huge black pyramid of Sugar-loaf Point, had lowered several large boats filled with armed men, which instantly shot away round the great rocky bluff of "the Barn" as fast as eight oars apiece could carry them.

Away they went past headland after headland, while every eye was fixed upon the rocky shore, as if seeking something which was not easily to be found.

At length, just when they rounded the bold, craggy promontory of King and Queen Point, a dull boom reached their ears, followed instantly by the thunder of a sustained cannonade. At that familiar sound the sailors clenched their teeth savagely, as they looked up at the tremendous precipices that seemed to shut them out from all hope of taking part in the battle.

"Can't we get up *anywhere?*?" growled the cap-

tain of the frigate, who was in the foremost boat. "We're disgraced forever if they do the job without us."

"With your honor's leave," broke in a stalwart young topman, touching his thick brown fore-lock, "I think I could get up that rock yonder, and fasten a rope for the rest to climb by."

"What! up *there?*!" cried the captain, glancing doubtfully from the young sailor's bright, fearless face to the tremendous height above. "Well, my lad, if you can do it, I 'll give you fifty guineas!"

"It 's for the honor of the flag, not for the money, sir!" answered the seaman, springing from the boat to the lowest ledge of the terrible rock.

Up, up, up, ever higher he clambered, with the rising wind flinging his loose hair to and fro, and the startled sea-birds whirling around him with hoarse screams of mingled fear and rage. To the watching eyes far below, the tiny points of rock to which he clung were quite invisible, and he seemed to be hanging in mid-air, like a fly on the side of a wall.

And now he was two thirds of the way up the precipice; and now he was within a few yards of

the top; and now his hand almost touched the highest ledge, when suddenly his feet were seen to slide from under him, and in a moment he was swinging in the empty air, grasping a projecting crag with the strength of desperation.

"Hold fast, Tom!" yelled his comrades, as they saw him.

Tom *did* hold fast, and the strong hands that had defied the full fury of an Atlantic gale to loosen them from the slippery rigging did him good service once more. He regained his footing, and the indrawn breath of the anxious gazers below sounded like a hiss in the grim silence as they watched the final effort that brought him safely to the top.

The rope was soon fixed, and the last man had scarcely mounted when the daring band were hurrying across the ridgy interior of the island toward the spot whence the cannonade still boomed upon the evening air. And there it was at last, as they crowned the farthest ridge, the tall masts standing up through billowy smoke, and the batteries marked out amid the gathering darkness by the flashes of their own cannon. A deadly volley of English musketry cracked along the cliff, and several of the Dutch were seen to

fall, while dismay and confusion spread fast among the survivors. Thus caught between two fires, with the British ships thundering upon them from below, and the British marksmen shooting them down from above, the defenders had no chance; and at length brave old Van Gebhardt, with a look of bitter grief on his iron face, slowly hauled down the Dutch flag in token of surrender.

“Myneer,” said he to the English captain, as the latter came marching into the fort at the head of his men, “my followers have done all that men could do; but yours have done more.”

“And if we had *not* done more, we could never have beaten the gallant Dutchmen,” answered the captain, taking off his battered cocked hat with a polite bow.

Thus it was that the English regained St. Helena, over which the British flag flies to this day. Nor has the brave fellow who led that daring attack been forgotten; for when I visited the island, I found that the crag which he scaled (and a very grim-looking crag it is) still goes by the name of “Holdfast Tom.”

THE STORY OF THE GREAT STORM AT SAMOA

BY JOHN P. DUNNING

THE harbor in which the disaster occurred is a small semicircular bay, around the inner side of which lies the town of Apia. A coral reef, which is visible at low water, extends in front of the harbor from the eastern to the western extremity, a distance of nearly two miles. A break in this reef, probably a quarter of a mile wide, forms a gateway to the harbor. The space within the bay where ships can lie at anchor is very small, as a shoal extends some distance out from the eastern shore, and on the other side another coral reef runs well out into the bay.

The American consulate is situated near the center of the line of houses composing the town, and directly in front of it is a long strip of sandy beach. Several war-vessels were anchored in the deep water in front of the American consulate. The Eber and Nipsic were nearest the shore. There were ten or twelve sailing vessels, princi-

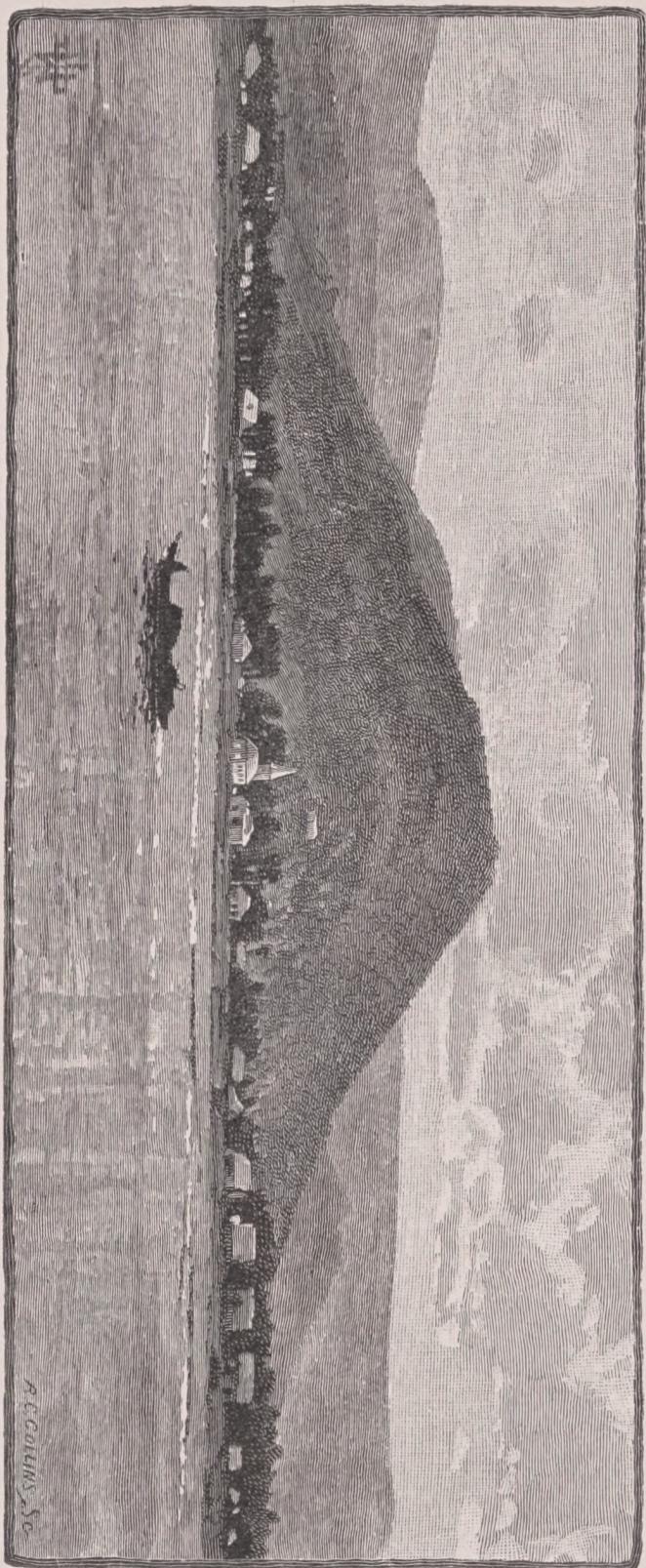
pally small schooners, lying in the shallow water west of the men-of-war.

The storm was preceded by several weeks of bad weather, and on Friday, March 15, the wind increased and there was every indication of a hard blow. The war-ships made preparation for it by lowering topmasts and making all the spars secure, and steam was also raised to guard against the possibility of the anchors not holding.

By eleven o'clock at night, the wind had increased to a gale. The crews on most of the sailing vessels put out extra anchors and went ashore. Rain began to fall at midnight, and the wind increased in fury. Great waves were rolling in from the open ocean, and the pitching of the vessels was fearful. Nearly every vessel in the harbor was dragging, and there was imminent danger of collisions. There was no thought of sleep on any of the ships, for every man was needed at his post.

On shore, the howling of the wind among the trees and houses, and the crash of falling roofs, had aroused many persons from their beds, and figures were soon seen groping about the street looking for some spot sheltered from the tempest. The tide was coming in rapidly, and the surf was

APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA



P. C. GOULDING, Sc.

breaking all over the street, a hundred feet above the usual high-water mark. The natives seemed to know better than the rest that the storm would result in awful destruction. People soon gathered in little groups and peered out into the darkness across the sea of foaming waters. Fear was depicted upon every face. Men stood close together and shouted to make themselves heard above the roar of the tempest.

A little after five o'clock the following morning, the first faint rays of dawn broke upon the scene and revealed a spectacle not often witnessed. The position of the vessels was entirely changed. They had been swept from their former moorings and were all bearing down in the direction of the inner reef. Black smoke was pouring from their funnels, showing that desperate efforts were being made to keep them up against the storm. The decks swarmed with men clinging to masts or to anything affording a hold. The hulls of the ships were tossing about like corks, and the decks were being deluged with water as every wave swept in from the open ocean. Several sailing vessels had gone ashore in the western part of the bay. The Trenton and Vandalia, being farther out from the shore

than the other ships, were almost obscured by the blinding mist. The vessels most plainly visible were the Eber, Adler, and Nipsic. They were very close together and only a few yards from the reef.

The little gun-boat Eber was making a desperate struggle, but every moment she was being driven nearer and nearer the reef. Her doom was certain. Suddenly she shot forward as if making a last effort to escape destruction. The current, however, bore her off to the right, and her bow struck the port quarter of the Nipsic, carrying away several feet of the Nipsic's rail and one boat. The Eber then fell back and fouled with the Olga, and after that she seemed unable to make any effort to save herself. Awful seas broke over the little vessel as she swung around broadside to the wind. Presently she was lifted high on the crest of a great wave and hurled with awful force upon the reef. In an instant there was not a vestige of her to be seen. She struck fairly upon her bottom, rolled over toward the sea, and disappeared from view. Hundreds of people were on the beach by this time, and the work of destruction had occurred within full view of them all. With one accord



THE "ADLER" OVERTURNED ON THE REEF

6/12
AFTER
PHOTO.
by Tom Daffey Esq.
ANSON SONGAR

they all rushed to the water's edge nearest the point where the Eber had foundered. The natives ran into the surf far beyond the point where a white man could have lived, and stood waiting to save any one who might rise from the water.

At first it seemed as if every man on the ill-fated steamer had gone to his death. Not even a hand appeared from the depths where the Eber sank. But the breakers on the reef had hidden a few struggling men who had come to the surface and struck out feebly for shore.

Presently a man was seen clinging to the piling of a small wharf near by. Willing hands soon grasped him and drew him up on shore. He was a young man with a handsome, boyish face, and wore the uniform of an officer.

During the excitement attending that calamity the other vessels had been for the time forgotten; but we soon noticed that the positions of several of them had become more alarming. The Adler had been swept across the bay, being for a moment in collision with the Olga.

She was now close to the reef, about two hundred yards west of the point where the Eber struck, and, broadside on, like the Eber, she was approaching her doom.

In half an hour she was lifted on top of the reef and turned completely over on her side. Nearly every man was thrown into the water. They had but a few feet to swim, however, to reach the deck, as almost the entire hull was out of water. Only twenty men were drowned when the steamer capsized.

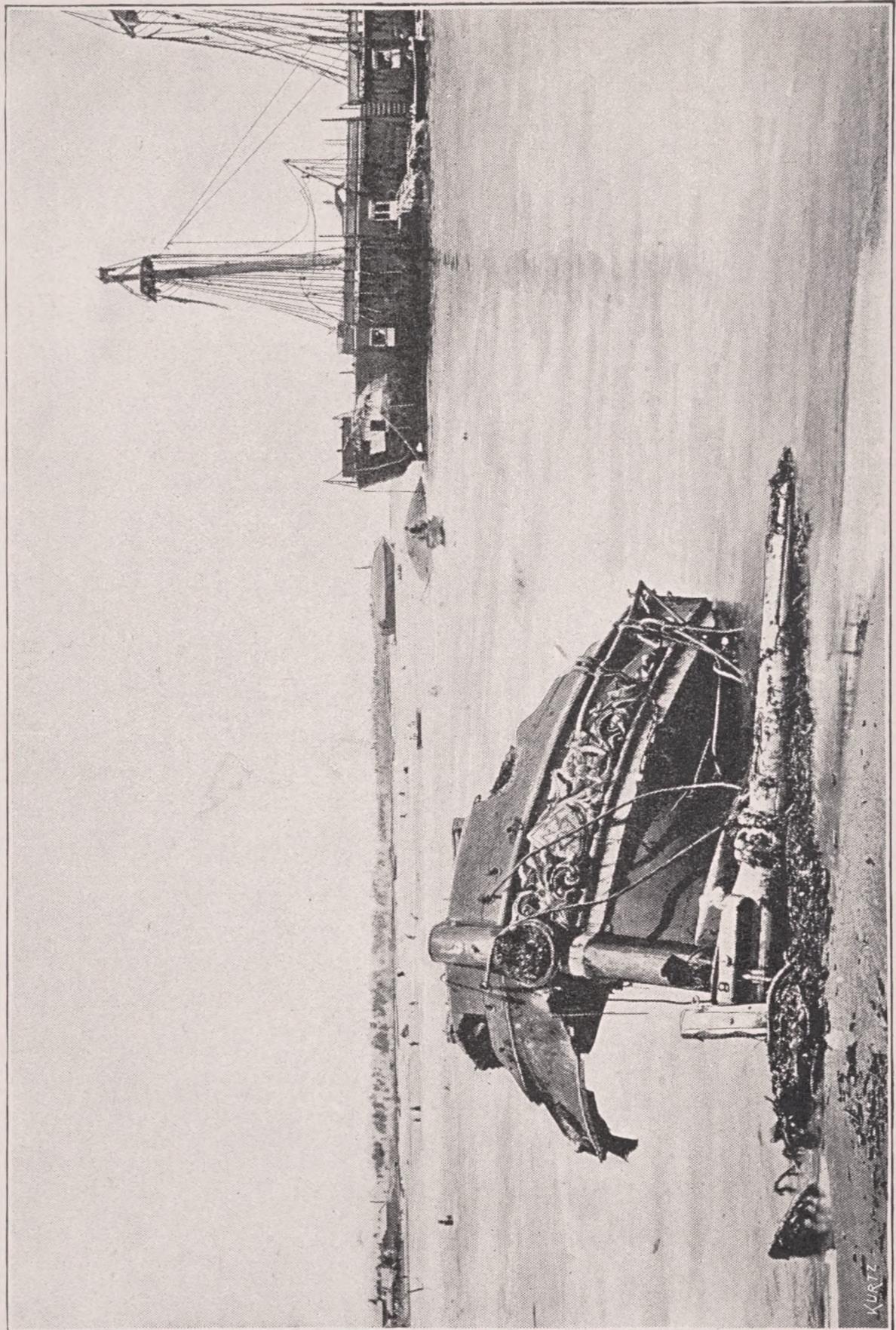
The others clung to the guns and masts in safety, and as the bottom of the vessel was toward the storm, the men on the deck were well protected. Natives stretched a rope from the shore to the Adler during the day, and a number of sailors escaped by that means. But the rope parted before all had left the vessel, and the others were not taken off until next day. They clung to the wreck during the long weary hours of the day and night, and were greatly exhausted when they finally reached the shore.

Just after the Adler struck, the attention of every one was directed toward the Nipsic. She was standing off the reef with her head to the wind, but the three anchors which she had out at the time were not holding, and the steamer was being beaten back toward the point where the Eber went down. It was only by the most skilful management that her officers and crew were

saved from the same fate that befell the Eber. The Nipsic also narrowly escaped destruction by being run into by the Olga, and it was the blow she received from that vessel which finally sent her ashore.

There were then several hundred natives and about fifty white persons, principally Americans and Englishmen, standing near the water's edge watching the critical manœuvres of the Nipsic, and I remember the feeling of dread which came over me as I saw the vessel running alongside the dangerous reef, liable at any moment to be dashed to pieces upon it. As she came nearer the shore I could easily distinguish the faces of officers who were my personal friends, and I did not know but that I might be looking upon them for the last time. I could judge from their faces that their fears were the same as mine. But the Nipsic escaped the reef and her bow stuck fast in the sand about twenty yards from the water's edge. She then swung around, forming an acute angle with the line of the shore.

Just as the vessel struck, five sailors jumped into a boat and commenced to lower it, but the falls did not work properly and one end of the boat dropped, throwing the men into the water, and drowning all of them.



BOW OF THE GERMAN GUN-BOAT "EBER"

"ADLER"

"TRENTON"

KURZ

Another boat containing the ship's surgeon and a half-dozen sick men, was lowered in safety but capsized before it reached shore.

The men were within a few feet, however, of the natives who were standing waist-deep in the surf, and they were pulled up on the beach and taken to the consulate. Several men on the Nipsic ran to the rail and jumped overboard. All these reached the shore, except two sailors who were unable to swim through the current and were swept out into the bay and drowned.

By this time every man aboard had crowded to the forecastle. A line was thrown to the natives, and double hawsers were soon made fast from the vessel to the shore, and the natives and others gathered around the lines to assist the men off. The scene was one of intense excitement. The seas broke upon the stern of the Nipsic with awful force, and it seemed as if the vessel would be battered to pieces before the men on her decks could be saved. The waves were rolling high on the beach, and the undertow was so strong that the natives narrowly escaped being washed out into the bay. The rain continued to pour, and the clouds of flying sand grew thicker every moment. The voices of officers shouting to the men on deck were mingled with

the loud cries and singing of the Samoans as they stood battling against the surf, risking their lives to save the American sailors.

To one who saw the noble work of these men during the storm, it is a cause of wonder that they should be called savages by more enlightened races. There seemed to be no instinct of the savage in a man who could rush into that boiling torrent of water that broke upon the reef, and place his own life in peril to save the helpless drowning men of a foreign country.

The Nipsic, Adler, and Eber were the smallest war-ships in the harbor. The four large men-of-war, the Trenton, Calliope, Vandalia, and Olga, were still afloat and well off the reef. They remained in a comparatively safe position for two hours after the Nipsic was beached, but persons on the shore were watching them intently all the time. About ten o'clock in the morning, the excitement on shore began to grow more intense as the Trenton was seen to be in a helpless condition. The great vessel was lying well out in the bay, and, with every wave that rolled in, her stern would be lifted out of the water, and it was seen that her rudder and propeller were both gone, and there was nothing but



"THE SAMOANS RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE THE AMERICAN SAILORS"

her anchors to hold her up against the unabated force of the storm.

The Vandalia and Calliope also were in dangerous positions, bearing back toward the reef near the point where lay the wreck of the Adler. Great waves were tossing the two vessels about, and they were coming closer together every minute. The Vandalia attempted to steam away, but in doing so a collision occurred. The iron prow of the Englishman was lifted high in the air and came down with full force upon the port quarter of the Vandalia. The jib-boom of the Calliope was carried away, and the heavy timbers of the Vandalia were shivered. Every man who stood upon the deck of the Vandalia near the point of collision was thrown from his feet by the shock.

Later the Calliope passed safely out to sea, returning when the storm had abated.

When the excitement on the Vandalia which followed the collision with the Calliope had subsided, it was determined to beach the vessel.

She came on until her bow stuck in the soft sand, about two hundred yards off shore and probably eighty yards from the stern of the Nipsic.

Her engines were stopped and the men in the

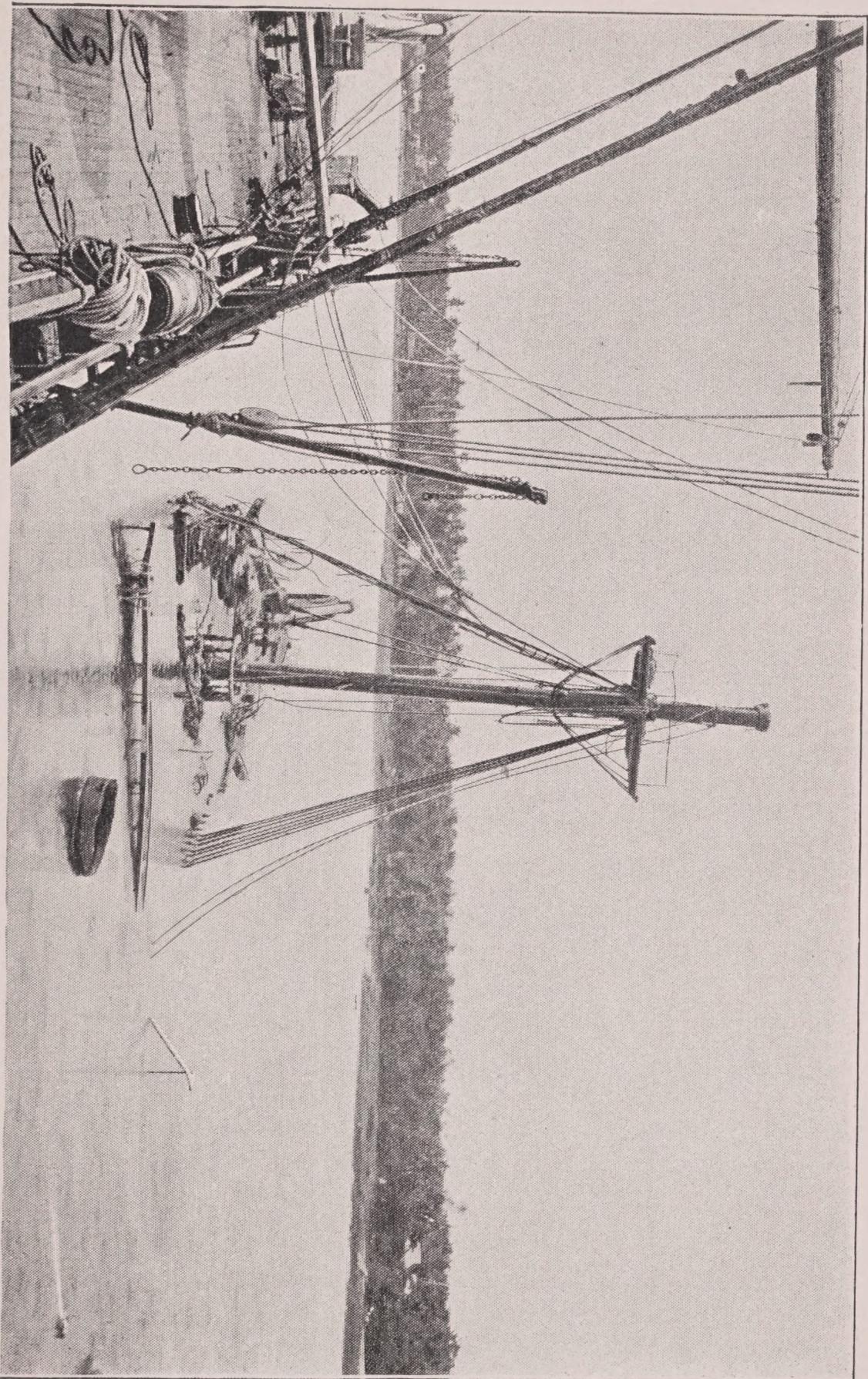
engine-room and fire-room below were ordered on deck. The ship swung around broadside to the shore, and it was thought at first that her position was comparatively safe, as it was believed that the storm would abate in a few hours and that the two hundred and forty men aboard could be rescued then.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the *Vandalia* struck, and notwithstanding her easy position it soon became apparent that her officers and crew were in great danger. In half an hour it was noticed that the vessel was settling down. Lying as she did, almost broadside to the wind, the seas broke over her furiously and poured down the hatches.

One by one the boats were torn from their davits and swept away. Efforts were made to fire lines ashore, but it was impossible to do so as the ammunition was saturated with water.

By noon the entire gun-deck of the *Vandalia* was under water, and from that time on the condition of those aboard was the most pitiable that can be imagined.

The torrents of water that swept over the ship knocked the men from their feet and threw them against the sides. Several were badly injured. Most of the men sought refuge in the rigging.



DECK OF THE "TRENTON,"

BOW OF THE "VANDALIA"

A few officers still remained upon the poop-deck, but a number had gone aloft. The wind seemed to increase in fury, and as the hull of the steamer sank lower, the force of the waves grew more violent. Men on shore were willing to render aid, but were powerless.

No boat could have lived a moment in the surf, and it was impossible to get a line to the vessel as there was no firing-apparatus on shore.

She continued to settle, until the vessel amidships was entirely under water.

Almost twenty-four hours had elapsed since any one aboard had tasted food, and all were weak and faint from hunger and exposure.

By three o'clock, the *Vandalia* was resting her whole length on the bottom, and the only part of her hull which stood out of water was the after part of the poop-deck and the forward part of the forecastle. Every man was in the rigging. As many as could be accommodated there, had climbed into the tops and sunk down exhausted upon the small platforms. Others clung to the ratlines and yards with the desperation of dying men, expecting every moment to be their last. Their arms and limbs were bruised and swollen by holding on to the rough ropes.

A hawser had been made fast from the deck

of the Nipsic to the shore, and the Vandalia men who had escaped to the Nipsic reached shore in that way.

The terrible scenes attending the wreck of the Vandalia had detracted attention from the other two men-of-war which still remained afloat; but about four o'clock in the afternoon the positions of the Trenton and Olga became most alarming. The flagship had been in a helpless condition for hours.

By the skilful use of a storm-sail, the Trenton kept well out in the harbor until the middle of the afternoon, and then she was forced over toward the eastern reef. Destruction seemed imminent, as the great vessel was pitching heavily, and her stern was but a few feet from the reef. This point was a quarter of a mile from shore, and if the Trenton had struck the reef there, it is probable that not a life would have been saved. A skilful manœuver saved the ship from destruction. Every man was ordered into the port rigging, and the compact mass of bodies was used as a sail. The wind struck against the men in the rigging and forced the vessel out into the bay again. She soon commenced to drift back against the Olga, which was still standing off the

reef and holding up against the storm more successfully than any other vessel in the harbor had done. The Trenton came slowly down on the Olga, and this time it seemed as if both vessels would be swept on the reef by the collision and crushed to pieces. People on the shore rushed to the water's edge and waited to hear the crash which would send to the bottom both men-of-war and their loads of human lives. Notwithstanding the dangerous situation of the ships, a patriotic incident occurred at this time which stirred the hearts of all who witnessed it. The storm had been raging so furiously all day that not a flag had been raised on any of the vessels. As the Trenton approached the Olga, an officer standing near Admiral Kimberly suggested that the flag be raised. The Admiral, whose whole attention had been absorbed in directing the movements of the ship, turned for a moment to the group of officers near him and said, "Yes; let the flag go up!"

In an instant the stars and stripes floated from the gaff of the Trenton, and to those on shore it seemed as if the gallant ship knew she was doomed, and had determined to go down with the flag of her country floating above the storm.

The Olga, seeing the approach of the Trenton, attempted to steam away, but just as she had commenced to move up against the wind, her bow came in contact with the starboard quarter of the flagship. The heavy timbers of the Trenton's quarter were shivered, several boats were torn from the davits, and the American flag which had just been raised was carried away and fell to the deck of the Olga. Fortunately, the vessels drifted apart after the collision, and no serious damage was done. The Olga steamed ahead toward the mud-flats in the eastern part of the bay, and was soon hard and fast on the bottom. Not a life was lost, and several weeks later the ship was hauled off and saved.

The Trenton was not able to get out into the bay again after her collision with the Olga. She was now about two hundred feet from the sunken Vandalia, and was slowly drifting toward the shore. A new danger seemed to arise. The Trenton was sure to strike the Vandalia, and to those on shore it seemed that the huge hull of the flagship would crush the Vandalia to pieces and throw into the water the men still clinging to the rigging. It was now after five o'clock, and the daylight was beginning to fade away. In a half



THE "TRENTON" DRIFTING UPON THE "VANDALIA"

hour more, the Trenton had drifted to within a few yards of the Vandalia's bow, and feelings hard to describe came to the hundreds who watched the vessels from the shore.

The memory of the closing incidents of that day will cling to me through life, for they were a spectacle such as few have ever seen. No American can recall those patriotic features without feeling a glowing pride in the naval heroes of his country. I was standing with others as far down on the beach as it was safe to be, watching the ships through the gathering darkness, and every incident that occurred came under my personal notice.

Presently the last faint rays of daylight faded away, and night came down upon the awful scene. The storm was still raging with as much fury as at any time during the day. The poor creatures who had been clinging for hours to the rigging of the Vandalia, were bruised and bleeding; but they held on with the desperation of men who were hanging between life and death. The ropes had cut the flesh on their arms and legs, and their eyes were blinded by the salt spray which swept over them. Weak and exhausted as they were, they would be unable to stand the terrible strain

much longer. They looked down at the angry waters below them, and knew that they had no strength left to battle with the waves. The final hour seemed to be upon them. The great black hull of the Trenton could be seen through the darkness almost ready to crash into the stranded Vandalia and grind her to atoms. Suddenly a shout was borne across the waters. The Trenton was cheering the Vandalia. The sound of four hundred and fifty voices broke upon the air and was heard above the roar of the tempest. "Three cheers for the Vandalia!" was the cry that warmed the hearts of the dying men in the rigging.

The shout died away upon the storm, and there arose from the quivering masts of the sunken ship a response so feeble it was scarcely heard upon the shore. Men who felt that they were looking death in the face, aroused themselves to the effort and united in a faint cheer for the flagship. Those who were standing on the beach listened in silence, for that feeble cry was the saddest they had ever heard. Every heart was melted to pity. "God help them!" was passed from one man to another. The cheer had hardly ceased when the sound of music came across the



THE "TRENTON" AGROUND, WITH HER STERN RESTING AGAINST THE CORAL REEF.
THE SUNKEN "VANDALIA" ALONGSIDE OF HER. THE "OLGA" ON THE RIGHT

KURZ

water. The Trenton's band was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The thousand men on sea and shore had never before heard strains of music at such a time as that. An indescribable feeling came over the Americans on the beach who listened to the notes of the national song mingled with the howling of the storm.

Men who had exhausted every means, during the whole of that awful day, of rendering some assistance to their comrades, now seemed inspired to greater effort. They ran about the beach eager to afford help, even at the risk of life itself. They looked despairingly at the roaring torrent of water that broke upon the shore, and knew that no boat could live in such a sea. Bravely as the Samoans had acted, there was not one of them who would again venture into the surf, where certain death would befall them.

Persons on shore were simply powerless, and there was nothing to do but remain on the beach ready to lend assistance in any possible way which might present itself.

But the collision of the Trenton and Vandalia, instead of crushing the latter vessel to pieces, proved to be the salvation of the men in the rigging. When the Trenton's stern finally struck

the side of the *Vandalia*, there was no shock, and she swung around broadside to the sunken ship. This enabled the men on the *Vandalia* to escape to the deck of the *Trenton*, and in a short time they were all taken off.

By ten o'clock at night, the natives and nearly all the white persons who had watched the storm, seemed to be satisfied that no further harm could come to the two ships; and the shore, which had been thronged with people all day, was soon deserted. The three *Nipsic* officers and myself patrolled the beach all night in the hope of rescuing some one who might not have escaped to the *Trenton*. We found but one man, Ensign Ripley, who had jumped from the *Vandalia* before the *Trenton* touched her, and had reached the shore. He was lying on the beach exhausted and about to be washed out by the undertow when we came upon him and carried him to the consulate. The storm had abated at midnight, and when day dawned there was no further cause for alarm. The men were removed from the *Trenton* and provided with quarters on shore.

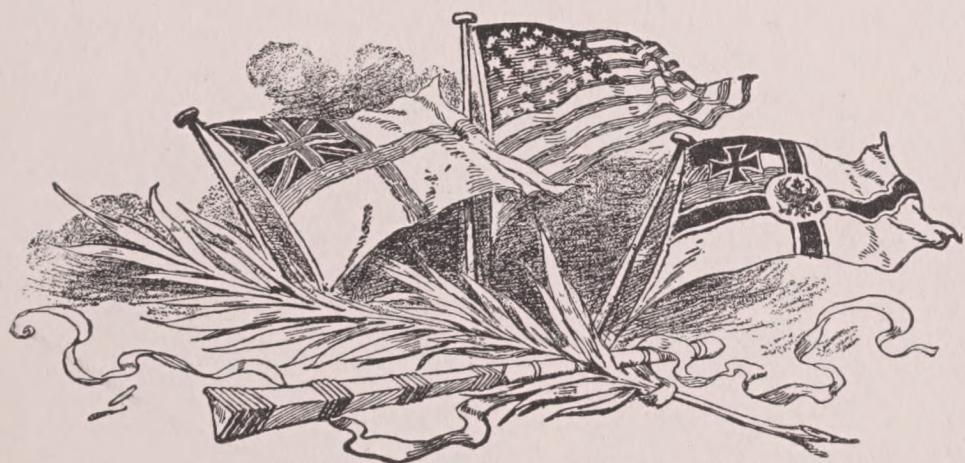
During the next few days the evidences of the great disaster could be seen on every side. In the harbor were the wrecks of four men-of-war:

THE GERMAN CORVETTE "OLGA" AGROUND ON THE MUD-FLATS



the Trenton, Vandalia, Adler, and Eber; and two others, the Nipsic and Olga, were hard and fast on the beach and were hauled off with great difficulty. The wrecks of ten sailing vessels also lay upon the reefs. On shore, houses and trees were blown down, and the beach was strewn with wreckage from one end of the town to the other.

Above the whole scene of destruction the stars and stripes and the flag of Rear-Admiral Kimberly floated from the shattered masts of the Trenton, as if to indicate that America was triumphant even above the storm.



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